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THE ANGEL'S ANSWER.

"We must mourn, for we know
To the grave we must go;
There is nothing but woe,
In our life here below."
Sighed a woman's low voice.

"Can you mourn when you know
Through the grave you must go
To that life free from woe,
Which we long for below?"
Spoke the Angel's sweet voice.

"For with sin all is rife,
Sin that stabs like a knife,
After tumult and strife,
Then, grim death ends our life!"
Wept a woman's sad voice.

"For with hope all is rife,
Only sin needs the knife,
Perfect peace ends the strife,
After death comes true life."
Cried the Angel's clear voice.

"When the storm-clouds are nigh,
When the tempests rage high,
In despair we must lie——
It were better to die!"
Wailed a woman's wild voice.

"When the storm-clouds are nigh,
When the tempests rage high,
In despair would you lie?
You must live, and not die."
Spoke the Angel's stern voice.

"When our harvest we reap,
From the light when we creep,
In the dark when we leap,
In our grave let us sleep!"
Moaned a woman's sad voice.

"As you sow, you must reap
From the dark you must creep,
To the light you must leap,
If in peace you would sleep."
Cried the Angel's clear voice.

"If I reap as I sow,
Let me strive here below,
Sweet is rest after strife,
Changed is death into life."
Spoke the woman's soft voice.

"May she fight the good fight
May she strive for the right,
May she toil with her might,
Till she rests in God's light."
Prayed the Angel's calm voice.

So fond Satrughna prized above
His very life his Bharata's love."

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It is the time of Rama's coronation. The lovely city is made lovelier still with gay and brilliant decorations. From miles around people have flocked to the town, and Ayodhya presents a sight,

"Like Indra's city fair,
While peasants thronged her ways,
Tumultuous roared like ocean, where
Each flood-born monster plays."

Everyone is joyous and gay, except one; and that is Manthara, a hump-backed maid of Queen Kaikeyi's, with a nature as deformed as her body. Years back Rama in childish play had aimed a pebble at her hump. The insult had never been forgiven and forgotten, and now she seeks reparation. She proceeds to her dear mistress, who is as happy and excited as the rest. Manthara for a moment is baffled at the guileless happiness of her queen; but she tries her malicious cunning: gently she seeks to instil the poison of jealousy into the unsuspecting mind of Kaikeyi. At first her guarded hints are received with contemptuous indifference and amusement. But Manthara, her evil angel, persists. Gradually the queen is excited and jealous thoughts oppress her. Why was not her own son preferred? Is not Bharata as brave, as royal, as gallant, as handsome as Rama? The fire of jealousy is kindled and is soon fanned into a fierce flame. Her fondness for Rama gives place to dislike and anger. Impulsively and precipitately she rushes into action. Manthara is ever at hand with plans and suggestions. Kaikeyi betakes herself to the mourning room, and, in the vehemence of her grief, not pretended but real, she throws herself on the floor,

"With darkened brow and furious mien,
Stripped of her gems and wreath, the queen,
In spotless beauty lay,
Like heaven obscured with gathering clouds,
When shades of midnight darkness shroud
Each star's expiring ray."

The good King Dasaratha arrives in haste, and to his consternation finds

"his own sweet wife,
To him far dearer than his life,
Like some fair creeping plant up torn,
Or like a maid of heaven forlorn;
A nymph of air or goddess sent
From Swarga down in banishment."

His attempts to soothe her are of no avail. She only craves the fulfilment of the two boons, which years before he had granted her as a token of gratitude for her timely help in distress. He consents and she reveals her plan to him, to send Rama into exile and to crown her son, Bharata, as King. Her fell words strike the king, and, like a mighty tree struck by lightning, he falls in a dead faint on the floor.

In a little time all is confusion. Joy is turned into mourning. Kaikeyi remains inexorable. Neither the poignant grief of her husband, nor the entreaties of her sisters-in-law, nor the imprecations of the people move her. She is adamant; and the king's word must be performed. Rama, firm in his resolve that his father shall not break his word to Kaikeyi, leaves the kingdom, accompanied by his brother Lakshmana, and his wife, Sita, to wander in the wilderness, homeless and friendless for fourteen long years. All have turned against her, Dasaratha succumbs under the crushing blow, and he dies, cursing with his latest breath the woman he had fondly cherished, but who had turned against him like an adder. Kaikeyi's one hope now is in her son. He was on a visit to his grandfather, while all this was happening. Messages are sent to him, and he returns to a mourning city. He is greeted with unkind looks, and as he enters the palace, where all was joyful noise and clamour is now silence. He enters his royal apartments and is greeted joyfully by his mother, who seems to be the only happy person in the city. She eagerly pours forth her tale. But the rising anger of her son pronounces her own doom. At last she recognises that all her cherished plans are frustrated, that she has turned all men against her, that she has alienated her son, and is now hated, scorned and deserted by all. Alone she stands in her grief and her remorse, to spend the rest of her days shunned by all, unnoticed, uncared for, and unheeded, like a child of the desert wild. Bharata hurries after his brother and entreats him passionately to return, but Rama, faithful to his promised word, determines to complete his years of exile; and Bharata returns to Ayodhyapuram, and, placing Rama's sandals on the throne, governs well and faithfully, as prince regent and as one endowed with a trust, which is to be restored to the rightful owner in due time.

In the earlier parts of the epic, Kaikeyi is drawn with grace and beauty. She is the favourite wife of Dasaratha. He sees no guile in her and when he finds her in the mourning room inconsolable with grief, with gentle persuasive eloquence he tries to win her confidence and learn the cause of her grief. In fact the whole passage is full of loving sympathy, and, as he winds up with the words,

"And I can ne'er my heart incline
To check in aught one wish of thine;"

he is very far from surmising what a sacrifice she is intending to ask of him. Her request comes upon him as a terrible shock,

"For never had his loving eyes
Found her unselfish or unwise."

In the character of Kaikeyi there is no rooted evil, no wicked or malicious desires, but she is of an excitable temperament. When she first hears the news of Rama's coronation, she exclaims with happiness,

> "I joy that Rama gains the throne;
> Kausalya's son is as mine own;"

and again in answer to Manthara's dark speeches, quite unsuspecting of evil, she answers her thus:—

> "Dear as the darling son I bore
> Is Rama, yea or even more.
> Most duteous to Kausalya; he
> Is yet more dutiful to me.
> What though he rule, we need not fear;
> His brethren to his soul are dear."

And yet, a few minutes afterwards, the very same woman exclaims, in the passion and vehemence of her grief,

> "No more for gold or gems I care,
> For brave attire or dainty fare,
> If Rama should the throne ascend,
> That very hour my life will end."

A striking attribute of Kaikeyi seems to be her strong and uncontrolled imagination. It overshadows and clouds her intellect. In her, there is a deficiency of self-control and a want of cool judgment, for she throws herself into Manthara's wicked plans with vehemence and passion. Yet she is of a strong determined nature. The pleading of the dying king, the grief and distraction of the distressed mother of Rama, the arguments of the ministers, the anger of Lakshmana, do not move her: she is inexorable, and

> "She heard unsoftened and unmoved,
> Nor could the eyes that watched her view
> One yielding look, one change of hue."

and her one answer to all is:—

> "My very life I count as nought,
> Nothing on earth can claim my thought
> But Rama's banishment."

Yet, there is one excuse for her. It is not for herself she braves the whole world's contumely. It is for her son, for her beloved boy, and as she says:

> "Without a rival let my boy
> The empire of the land enjoy."

Even here, we see that her strong maternal love is heightened by her fanciful imagination. Her speech to her son when he returns home after his father's death is full of tenderness and pathos, as she urges him to throw off his sorrow and despair, to rise to the occasion and take up the reins of Empire.

> "Up then, most dutiful! maintain
> Thy royal state, arise and reign.
> For thee, my darling son, for thee,
> All this was planned and wrought by me."

But even here she is disappointed, and, with this last blow, she retires into the background, to work out her remorse, alone and uncared for. There is another trait in her character which speaks for her kindly. In the midst of her disappointment and grief, she does not turn against Manthara, as the author of all her woe. We read of her protecting the maid from Satrughna's uncontrollable anger, when he would fain have put an end to the wicked creature's life.

> "With gentle words of pity, she
> Assuaged her wild despair,
> E'en as a tender hand might free
> A curlew from the snare."

She has courage enough to bear the consequences of her own rash act, and what terrible consequences they were! The once proud and haughty queen lies humbled in the dust, waiting for welcome death to put an end to her wretched existence.

Perhaps Kaikeyi may be compared to Lady Macbeth in some respects. Absorbed like her in the one thought of her son's aggrandisement, heedless of wifely devotion, she proves an indirect though powerful cause of her husband's death. Yet, in the mind of Lady Macbeth, "Ambition is represented as the ruling motive, an intense over-mastering passion, which is gratified at the expense of every just and generous principle, and every feminine feeling." But the extenuation of Kaikeyi's crime lies in the fact that it is her strong maternal instinct and affection that make her go to such extremes; otherwise she is a simple, ordinary woman, without Lady Macbeth's "amazing power of intellect, her inexorable determination of purpose, her superhuman strength of nerve, which render her as fearful in herself as her deeds are hateful."

Perhaps it is not justifiable to enlist one's sympathies on behalf of a perverted being; but may not an answer be found in the words of Mrs. Jameson, as she says that "many a powerful and gifted spirit has learnt humility and self-government from beholding how far the energy which resides in mind may be degraded and perverted?"

H. KRISHNAMMA.

Mental Training.

[BY AN INDIAN LADY.]

QUITE recently I came across a very interesting article on the above subject in the *Westminster Review*. The writer bemoans the tendency of the present age, the incessant striving after wealth, the keen competition for even existence wages, and the

materialism that always asks the question, 'what is the use?,' and 'how much gain for so much money spent?' He thinks the only way to find a remedy for this is to introduce "deliberate and scientific reasoning into our educational methods." The question of education is creating a sensation at present. The kind of education to be given and the means of imparting it are the problems of the day.

The ultimate aim of education is to form the character of the child, to fashion him into a thinking, reasoning being, of a wide, far-reaching sympathy, and who will be able to make life more pleasant and bearable to others less fortunate than himself. Such being the case it is but necessary that much attention should be paid to the training of children. It is very interesting to watch the mental development of a child. The gentle awakening of consciousness of the knowledge of surrounding things, the gradual responsiveness to outside influences, the dawning of the natural affection and feelings, and the gradual growth of intelligence forms a very interesting study. It is like the opening of a beautiful bud, opening petal by petal, kissed into life by the loving warmth of the sun, and giving out a perfume, sweet and charming to the senses.

The brain at the time of birth is said to be perfectly void of all ideas, but owing to hereditary influences some portions are supposed to possess a certain sensitiveness, which lend themselves to quicker development than the other parts. If left to chance, these portions, whether for good or for evil influence on the character, may develop out of all proportion to the other parts, and hence the need of a proper education. Until the seventh year the brain continues to grow; during this time the child's mind is very plastic, so there is necessity for great care in the imprinting of impressions and ideas, and in the forming of habits. The mind should not be overtaxed within these years, but care should be taken to train it properly and to lay the foundation for the development of those faculties, which will tend to make the child, "a wise, strong and noble specimen of humanity."

Children are sent to school quite young. They are massed together, regardless of the varying temperaments and tastes of many children. Their teachers are of the Lower Secondary or Primary Grade, men and women, whose knowledge is limited, whose minds and views are narrow and undeveloped, whose sympathies are stunted and unintelligent. Into such hands the fine metal of childhood is given to be tempered and fashioned,—and then, we bemoan the want of fine men and women in our society. The teacher must have a thorough knowledge of the child-mind and intimate acquaintance with the child-nature. His sympathies must be highly refined, and he must be able to enter into the subtle feelings of childhood. In fact, it is at this stage that the child requires the best and the most intelligent of teachers. It is the dawning of a new mind, and the moulding of it for good and for evil is in the hands of the teacher, and what a responsibility it is!

Now-a-days the kindergarten system is highly recommended for children. It is beneficial, inasmuch as it tends to develop the powers of observation and perception of the children, and to quicken their senses, in an interesting manner; in other words, it tends to open wide the gateways of knowledge. It is supposed to prepare the mind for the receiving of knowledge. I once heard a Kindergarten lesson given by a good teacher, one who entered fully into the feelings of the children, whose manner was all that was encouraging, sympathetic and called for confidence. He awakened the curiosity of the infants; he aroused their interest: throughout the two whole hours, it seemed to the lookers-on, as if the children were playing games, and were intensely enjoying them. It was delightful to watch the teacher. Such teachers are rare, and very often the most inefficient teachers are put on in the Kindergarten classes. The result is even worse than useless.

Five hours of school for a little mite is too much. To be under discipline, to sit straight, to talk little, is too great a tax on the untiring energy and activity of the child. Two hours a day with an interesting curriculum, which would tend to awaken and satisfy the curiosity of the child, would prove wholesome. One of the characteristic features of the child's mind is its boundless curiosity. It loves to investigate everything that comes to hand. It asks a number of questions, useless as they seem to us. But to the child-mind, everything is fresh, everything wonderful and fit to be investigated; and care must be taken not to suppress them or to tell them too much. It is this curiosity that is a great help to the imparting of education. Deal with it gently. Through this same means the child can be taught to reason systematically and logically. For instance, take the asking of questions. The child's interest and curiosity are aroused. It is eager to learn. But how do the elders deal with them? Sometimes in moments of irritation the child is snubbed. At other times all the required knowledge is given. This should not be so. You must contrive by successive steps to guide the child to the right conclusion, leaving it as much as possible to discover new truths for itself. This requires skill and thought on the part of the teacher, as his duty is to arouse the child's curiosity enough for it to proceed on the voyage of discovery and to solve each point of the problem as it presents itself. This is

being adopted in many of the new methods. By experiment arouse the child's curiosity, develop the observation, and teach the child to arrive at the solution or right conclusion step by step, each step developing the reasoning powers of the child.

Another important thing to be noted is that children are not all of the same temperament, nor have they the same tastes. One likes drawing, one is musical, another is for science and another for literature and so on. A good teacher will soon be able to find out the special aptitude of each child, and his part will be to give special attention and impetus to it. But where a large number of children are massed together under one teacher, this is difficult. Consequently the classes should be made smaller, and if possible, teachers, who are specialists in different branches of knowledge, should be appointed, so that when classes are formed in their own special subjects, they may train the little minds with intelligence and sympathy and succeed in implanting in them a little of their own love for the subject. In this way the school at certain hours would be divided into distinct classes, each of which would be composed of children, who had shown a special aptitude for the subject. Thus, education would be a source of pleasure, and each individual will feel secure in the pursuit of knowledge suitable to himself.

It is interesting to study a few traits of the child mind. The child is highly imitative. It loves to do what the grown-ups do. Take the games of boys and girls. The boy plays battles, horses, hunting and so on; the girl nurses her doll, mothers it and treats it in the same way as she is treated by her mother. They are faithful copies of their elders. When one thinks of this, how great is the responsibility of the teacher? The deportment, the habits, the gestures, the conversation, the little outbursts of temper, are all keenly watched by many pairs of little eyes, and in most cases accurately copied. This is one of the great responsibilities of parents. To the children, the parents are ideals, and how pathetic it is to watch the disillusionment of these ideals. Hence, the great need not to think of children as insignificant or too little to be noticed. In them we have our judges, and in their little scales we may be weighed and found wanting.

Children are impulsive. They have not the patience to arrive by steps at the conclusion. They love to jump to conclusions. This must be carefully guarded against. The thinking powers should be developed, or later, they will develop into men and women of rash judgment and impulsive actions.

The imaginative faculty is highly developed in children. Their fondness for stories, their love of imagining things in their games and in their conversation, their credulous belief of fairies and witches,—these are the characteristics of the child. This can be trained and steadied down, as the child grows older, and as the intellect advances, the imaginative faculty will be a help in the growth of obtaining knowledge.

Such are the feeble florets of humanity, and it is the understanding sympathy and the keen intelligence of the teacher and parents, that should nourish and tend them; and, if they are trained under a proper system, they will grow up "into men and women, towering in mental superiority like giants among their fellows, unfettered by superstition, their natural faculties developed to the utmost, fearless and yet sympathetic in the consciousness of their own intellectual power."

BEYOND THE HILLS OF PAIN.

Beyond the hills of pain, a city lies
So fair and quiet 'neath its shadowed glow,
For there no breath of passion's restless cries
Doth e'er disturb its water's peaceful flow.

Beyond the hills of pain, a people live
With quiet hearts and ever-watchful eyes,
To staunch the life-blood of the souls who give
Their fairest hopes, but to a world that dies.

For they are victors with the laurel-wreath
Of conquered pain and ever-yielded wills,
The world and sorrow are their feet beneath
For they have passed the scorching of the hills.

And they can pity the poor shrinking forms
Which faint and falter at the burning blast,
And they can succour them from bitter storms,
With hope, from which the strife of life is past.

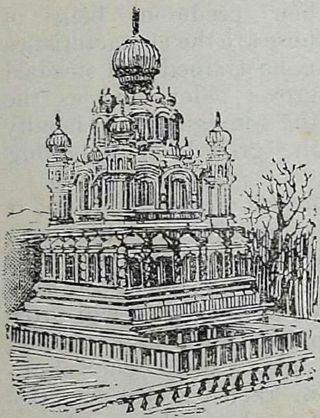
Beyond the hills of pain, a vision fair
Doth rise above life's short and fleeting years
Almost too fair for mortal sight to bear
Weakened and dimmed by bitter human tears.

And none but those who live across these hills
Can gaze with clearness on that wondrous sight,
For conquered pain each restless impulse stills
And lifted eyes are free from earthly blight.

Oh land, beyond the hills, the bitter hills
Of human pain, and mortal agony!
Sweet is thy sunset glow which calms and fills
The heart with heaven's golden melody.

Zoi Bose.

Srinagar.



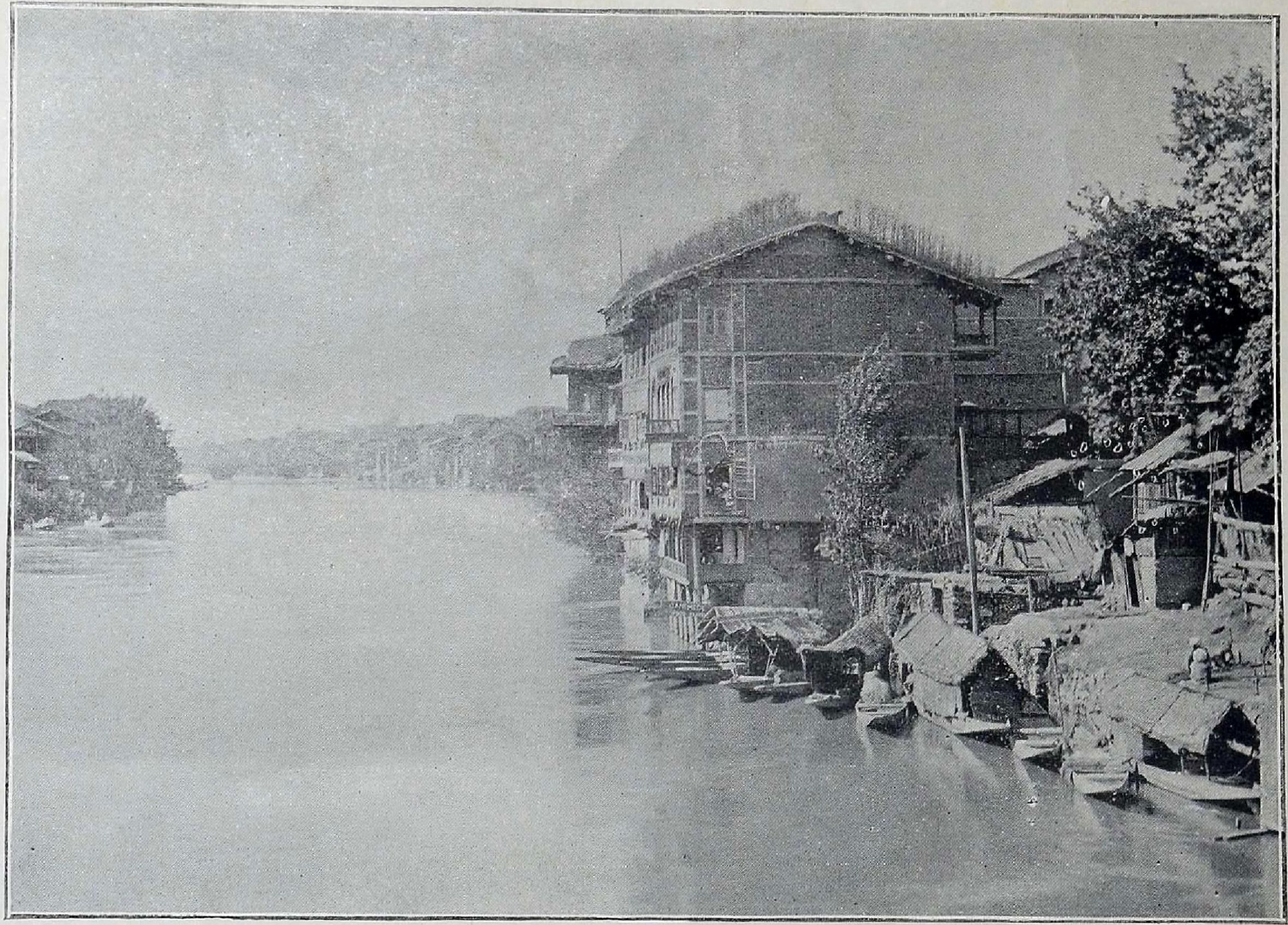
It is not of only comparatively recent years that Kashmir and especially Srinagar have become as popular a summer resort as our other more lately discovered Indian Hill stations, for in the time of the Moguls Srinagar was the favourite summer retreat for the Delhi Court. In those days the difficulty of access was still greater than it is now; and the journey from Delhi a question of many weeks. For the tourist to-day there is the Railway as far as Rawalpindi, and beyond that the journey into Kashmir is usually completed by tonga—though some people go by ekka, some on horseback, while others may be carried on in a dandy, and the more energetic even cycle or walk the 196 miles between Rawalpindi and Srinagar. With one's luggage—or the main bulk of it—in an ekka and oneself in a tonga, the journey between the Railway terminus and the Kashmir capital is most conveniently accomplished. The Kashmir State does much to alleviate the disagreeableness of this part of the journey by providing comfortable dawk bungalows along the way, while the British Government provides them on British territory.

The first part of the drive between Rawalpindi and Murree is hardly pleasant—the tongas take advantage of the level to go full speed—which is a more exciting than pleasant sensation. However the drive on the plains is not without its compensations, for at intervals we have glimpses of the snows—snows which disappear as the summer advances.

After some time the road begins to rise and wind among rather uninteresting hills covered with brown scrub; then, as one mounts still higher, there are pretty views of the plains and the surrounding hills, in the valleys between which at higher levels there are bright patches of cultivation, while the mountain summits themselves are rugged and bare. On one particularly pretty spur is situated the Tret Bungalow, where we can stop and have a meal and then go on refreshed. Sometimes our patience is sorely tried by getting bad tonga ponies who refuse to start. And this is something more than trying to one's patience—and indeed makes one anxious when, as often happens there is on one side of the road a yawning chasm and nothing but a few stones to prevent the ponies backing over the precipice.

Murree which is about 38 miles more or less from Rawalpindi makes a good stopping place for the night. Being at a very high elevation it is bitterly cold in spring and even in the middle of April snow may be lying in places. It is well to make an early start next morning and brave the cold. From Murree to Kohalla is almost entirely down hill and one has for the greater part of the road beautiful views to beguile the way. Here it may be a glimpse of the snows seen at some great distance off, there it may be of the deeply cut valley through which the Jhelum flows.

Once across the Bridge at Kohalla we are in Kashmir—that country so famed for its scenery. The road now follows pretty closely the course of the river, which roars along some few feet below. Directly above us and all around, tower the mountains—some still capped with snow. In early spring the beauty of the scenery is much enhanced by the fruit trees being in full blossom, while other trees are shooting into fresh leaf. Some of the finest scenery is met with between Domel and Uri, where the River Jhelum winds its deeply scored way between steep crags and where the mountains rise abruptly on each side of the valley. It is along this narrow gorge that the road leads. One marvels at the extraordinary formation of the mountains and rocks and still more at the way in which the river has made a passage for itself between them. Between Gurki and Uri, if we keep a sharp look-out we are sure to see a few rope bridges. These look very insecure, being as they are ropes slung across the river, by means of which people walk across or pull themselves over in a little basket or loop. At Uri the valley widens considerably and we have fine peeps of pine-clad mountains and snows. Stopping the night at the large Dawk Bungalow at Uri, we are ready for the next day's drive, which leads through pine forests, amid splendid mountain scenery. At Baramula we emerge from the narrower valleys into the wide flat expanse encircled by mountains and known as the valley of Kashmir. The contrast is most delightful and more like what our imagination has conjured up of the beautiful valley—though imagination could hardly supply all the additional details of beauty and picturesqueness—as, for instance, the quaint town of Baramula itself with its curious houses on each side of the river and its houseboats moored here and there by the bank. Far away in the distance is the almost fairy-like chain of snow mountains glistening in the sunshine, and between them stretches the broad valley with the river wending its silvery way through it. Srinagar is the goal, so one does not linger in Baramula



LOOKING UP THE RIVER, SRINAGAR.

too long: on and on we speed, no longer up hill and down dale as before, but along level avenues of poplars. It is surprising to find the poplars here which call to mind visions of Dutch pictures and scenery. A great contrast in form and type are the handsome Chenar trees, which one meets with here and there. The long vistas of poplars are rather fascinating, especially as at the end of them is generally to be had a glimpse of the snows, and perhaps, if we are fortunate to have a very clear day, we may sight the grand height of Nanga Parbat. Along the route are one or two very picturesque villages with their quaint houses bearing a strong resemblance to the Swiss Châlet. At last the Hari-Parbat Hill is seen in the distance, crowned with the Fort which Akbar built. It is one of the landmarks of Srinagar, and is a place of legendary as well as historic interest; for the old story has it that when Kashmir was once a great lake and tyrannised over by the lake Monster Jaldeo, Kashaf, the grandson of Brahma, made up his mind to fight the demon and release the people. But in vain he prepared himself by 1,000 years of religious exercises; in vain too did Vishnu expel the waters of the lake by opening the channel through the rocks at Baramula; the Monster, though he could no longer take refuge beneath the waters of the lake as before, still lay hid elsewhere. It was only when the goddess Parvati came to the rescue by throwing the hill of Hari Parbat on top of him that he was successfully entrapped and held prisoner to this day. So much for the old time story! But now for the realities of the present, as we find ourselves nearing Srinagar. In early spring it is usual to see the fields bright with yellow dhol which harmonises with the colours of the freshly budding willow trees and the browns of the tardier Chenar trees.

The backs of some dirty half mud, half wooden houses tell us that we are almost in Srinagar, and a few moments after we pass the palace gate and over the first bridge, from which we have a glimpse down the river. And what a quaint scene it is with curious old houses, which look very dilapidated on the right bank and the palace of the Maharajah on the left bank. The palace strikes one as rather a tawdry contrast to what one sees of the palaces of some centuries ago in Agra and Delhi, for example. Soon, however, the traveller leaves the bazaar and the river behind and the road leads out towards a fine *maidan* and polo ground. Now it is for the traveller to take up his abode—be it in hotel, house boat or tents. Whatever one settles on it is best for purposes of sight-seeing to spend a great part of the time on the water. The little flat-bottomed boats in which most people go about are called *Shikaras*. They are pointed at both ends and over the middle where there are seats there is a wooden or matting awning and the men who paddle sit in the stern. They use paddles about a yard or more long and rather resembling the shape of the spade on a playing card. By boating down the river from the Munshi Bagh a very good general impression of the city can be had.

In the Munshi Bagh along the right bank of the river are a good many bungalows inhabited by Europeans and then further down the Club and the Residency, while beyond them again, along the bund, which is shaded by handsome Chenar trees, are situated various shops and agencies, chiefly for the sale of European articles and stores. All along here and on both sides of the river houseboats are moored to the banks. But the most interesting part of the city is further on after passing the first bridge and the Maharajah's palace with that of his brother Sir Amar Singh close by. Here the river is the main thoroughfare of the city, just as in Venice the canals are the chief thoroughfares. The banks of the river are wooden, mud, or brick houses of various shapes, sizes, and in all stages of dilapidation. Here and there a square garden with a wall and little octagonal buildings at each corner enclose a Hindu temple, with its tapering roof covered with tin which glistens brightly in the sun. The mosques and ziarals are prominent features with their tall spires and curious architecture rather after the design of the Pagoda.

The Kashmiris are great saint worshippers, and a very notable example of the respect they show to their saints is seen in the huge shrine of Shah Hamadan. Like most of the houses there is a rich crop of grass on the roof! The roof gardens are one of the curious features of Kashmir houses, and they are certainly very pretty and bright when the grass is emerald green and when as often happens there are brilliant red tulips or irises growing there too.

Srinagar has well been described as one of the most picturesque cities of the world and there is a great fascination in the quaint houses themselves with their projecting balconies and fret-worked shutters—which in summer let in the air and in winter have paper pasted over to keep out the cold winds. Some of the houses have little gardens and look neat enough, but for the most part the Kashmiri dwellings are very dirty and tumble down.

At intervals the river is spanned by wooden bridges built on piles and beyond the fascinating vista of houses and shops is to be seen a range of mountains which in early spring still wears their cap of snow.

On the first occasions that the visitor goes down to the city, he is not left much at peace to enjoy the scenery as there are numbers of merchants on the look out to entice him

to buy the wares, which he has been making during the winter months when trade was slack. Here a head peers out of an overhanging window and some one calls out—'Come, see my shop!' The next moment, perhaps, another merchant has espied the visitor and he brings up his boat alongside to display his wares. It is well worth entering the shops to see the handsome articles, which Kashmiri skill can produce, whether it be in the line of artistic carving in walnut wood, or in the delicate papier mâché work, or in the elaborate and graceful designs displayed in the embroidered numdahs and hangings, &c., or in the collections of quaint brass from Thibet.

All along the river bank there are sure to be numbers of small houseboats inhabited by Kashmiris. Their boats are very low and look extremely uncomfortable and over-crowded and dirty; and whatever time of day one passes there seem to be great cooking operations going on and the people take advantage of the water at hand to dip in their mugs for a drink of its very dirty water or to wash their cooking pots or to wash themselves. Considering the horrible dirtiness of the water one marvels how the people can survive drinking it. The women in these boats are usually very handsome and their features are of a decidedly Grecian type. They are hard worked and their faces begin early to show signs of severe toil, but they nevertheless generally seem good humoured. They wear generally a loose kind of coat, which reaches down to below the knees, and has deep sloping shoulders and large loose sleeves turned back at the wrist. A cloth is often draped over the head and hangs behind. The unmarried girls wear the hair divided into a multitude of little plaits to which in their vanity they add wool or other hair to give the effect of more, and then near the waist the various plaits are joined into one. In winter men adopt almost altogether the feminine dress as a matter of convenience, though at one time this style of dress was imposed on the men by their conquerors. The reason the Kashmiris like these loose coats is that they can keep themselves warm by putting their Kangars inside. The Kangar is a basket with a handle and contains a little chatty in which glowing charcoal is put, and in the cold weather the Kangar is always the faithful companion of the Kashmiri, who tucks it inside his coat and even takes it to bed with him—often with disastrous results! As the boat glides swiftly down the river, there are constantly fresh scenes of interest either in the variety of architecture or grouping of the building or in the people themselves. The picturesque ghauts are generally dotted with gaily dressed folk come down to bathe or fetch water, while in warmer weather the children may be seen enjoying a mud bath with all the fullness of glee that contact with mud seems to produce in children!

Beyond the seventh bridge there is not much to see, so one can wend one's way back again, more slowly, now against the current, and with great difficulty under the bridges where the river flows very swiftly.

The Chenar Bagh Canal branches off the main river just near the palace and is one of the foremost parts of Srinagar. Here the houses are not so close together and the little groups of dwellings have trees—chenars, willows, and poplars and even fruit trees interspersed between them, which add very much to their picturesqueness.

The Nalla Mar Canal, which is a sort of back slum of the city is extremely picturesque, though less pleasant from a sanitary point of view than the Chenar Bagh Canal. What one goes specially to see in the Nalla Mar Canal are the bridges of shops, which are very quaint and seem to transport one into an old time world. The canal is very narrow, lined on each side by dwellings more tumble-down and dirty if possible than those on the Jhelum; there are two bridges each with a single arch, which spans the canal, and tiny hovels called shops are built on each side of the bridges. The canal is horribly dirty and is not a place to frequent, though it is well worth a visit.

Not far from this canal is the Dal lake, whose fresh breezes are delicious after the unsanitary surroundings of these slums. The lake is approached by charming canals fringed with drooping willows with openings here and there, where a glimpse can be had of the mountains which form a crescent round part of the lake. When the lake is at length reached, one is almost bewildered by all its beauty. It is a fine sheet of water with a range of mountains along one side at whose base are orchards, which in spring are a blaze of pink and white blossoms. The orchards form a very beautiful and characteristic feature of Srinagar, for there are many and extensive ones in different parts. But on the borders of the Dal Lake out towards Gupcar they are particularly remarkable. Fringing the lake in many places are what are called the *demb* lands, which are of artificial structure. The cultivator plants willows in a certain shallow part and then throws in heaps of weed and mud from the bottom of the lake until he has raised the land a little above the water level and ready for sowing seed and for cultivation. Here he grows fruit trees as well as dhol, melons, potatoes, &c., and even builds an unstable looking dwelling. These little *demb* lands are often exceedingly pretty, as the rich show of flowers and fruit trees are very bright, and when these as well as the little shaky pavilion are reflected in

the waters with perhaps the purple mountains, behind, a very lovely picture is the result. Somewhat akin to the *demb* lands are the *rádhs* or floating islands, which are met with in deeper parts of the lake. Here the cultivator makes a sort of raft by means of lake weeds and mud and on these he sows melons, tomatoes, cucumbers, &c., with great success. He moors his island by means of poles stuck in the ground and he has the advantage of being able to move his property to any convenient situation!

But now to the gardens on dry land!—the gardens, in fact, with their chain of historic interest. No less than three large gardens stand on the banks of the Dal bearing witness to the Mogul power and influence. They are the Nasim Bagh which is now only a huge grove of Chenar trees, the Shalimar Bagh and the Nishat Bagh. Sir Thomas Moore has most ably described in Lalla Rookh how the Moguls whiled away the hours in these gardens; enjoying the paths beneath the Chenars, among which the crystal stream from the mountains flows and the fountains play; how they loved to gaze out on the beauties of the lake, which reflects in its crystal depths every nook and cranny, every tint and shadow of the mountains around.

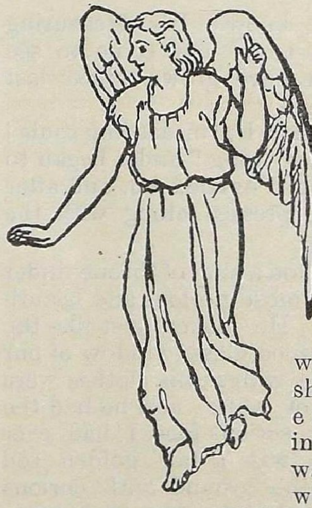
The Dal Lake is a favorite resort for the Kashmiris to picnic, and if it is a gala day one is sure to see numbers of boats crowded with old and young all holiday making in their gayest cloths bringing home branches of flowers. Some are singing; some are perhaps listening to an old man reading out in a sing-song way some old tale. All the parties are accompanied with the huge tea Urn which plays an important part on these occasions as the Kashmiris are great tea drinkers. As evening draws in over the lake there is a beautiful glow o'er land and lake and sky, and the peaks of the distant Pir Panjab gleam rosy red, while the tall poplars stand darkly silhoutted against the glowing sky. The lotuses on the lake are sleeping and the city is going to rest, guarded as it were by its giant custodians—the hills of Hari-Parbat and the Takht-i-Sulimán—which have shared and played their part in the vicissitudes of Srinagar—as witnessed to by the historic Fort and shrine on Hari Parbat and the ancient temple which crowns the Takht-i-Sulimán at an elevation of 1,000 feet above Srinagar.

E. S. Stoney.

"Don't look for the flaws as you go through life;
And even when you find them,
It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind
And look for the virtues behind them.
For the cloudiest night has a hint of light
Somewhere in its shadows hiding;
It is better by far to hunt for a star
Than the spots on the sun abiding."

The Measuring-Rod.

By Delia Lyman Porter.



GRETA Brown was one of the brightest, most enthusiastic, and most popular girls in Miss Gerry's school. She stood first in her classes, she led the games at recess, she was the President of the "Five o'clock Tea Club," and into whatever she undertook she put an overflowing enthusiasm which insured success. There was, however, one thing which Greta Brown undertook into which she did not throw the same charming enthusiasm and energy, which worked such wonders in everything else. What that one thing was you will see before you finish this story.

One bright Sunday morning in June Greta donned her new suit and went to church. Her pastor, Dr. Milliken, preached from the text, "Grow in grace," but, to tell the truth, her thoughts were not very much on the sermon. They ran something like this:

"'Grow in grace,' 2 Pet. iii. 18. Well, I'll remember the text for grandma. How pretty these five rows of gilt braid do look on this gray dress; but I must have this cuff altered. The waist puckers badly, now I am sitting down. How ugly Kate Graham's bonnet is, and how sober she looks! What can Dr. Milliken be saying? 'Growing unto the stature of the perfect man.' What does that mean?" And then her thoughts ran off to something else. But, after all, the words "grow in grace" did somehow stick in Greta's mind.

When she came home her brother Mark happened to tell the story of King Frederick of Prussia, whose hobby it was to collect the tallest men from all parts of Europe for his famous guards, and who rejected every applicant for that much-coveted position unless he measured a good deal over six feet.

When Greta went to sleep that night, Dr. Milliken's text and Mark's story mixed themselves up in a most curious way as a dream, the strangest one she ever had. And here it is, just as she herself told it to her aunt the next day:

"I dreamed that I was on my way to school, when suddenly I noticed a great crowd collecting on the green. People were hurrying to and fro, and when I asked what all this commotion was about, a girl said:

"'Why, don't you know? It's Measuring Day! and the Lord's angel has come to see how much our souls have grown since last Measuring Day.'

"'Measuring Day!' said I; 'measuring souls! I never heard of such a thing!' and I began to ask questions, but the girl hurried on, and after a little I let myself be pressed along with the crowd to the green.

"There in the centre, on a kind of throne under the great elm, was the most glorious and beautiful being I ever saw. He looked just like the great angel on the stained-glass window of our church. He had white wings; his clothes were a queer, shining kind of white, and he had the kindest and yet most serious face I had ever beheld. By his side was a tall golden rod fastened upright in the ground with curious marks at regular intervals from top to bottom. Over it, on a golden scroll, were the words: '*The measure of the stature of the perfect man.*' The angel held in his hand a large book, in which he wrote the measurements as the people came up on the calling of their names in regular turn. The instant each one touched the golden measure a most wonderful thing happened. No one could escape the terrible accuracy of that strange rod. Each one shrank or increased to his true dimensions—his spiritual dimensions, as I soon learned, for it was an index of the soul-growth which was shown in this mysterious way, so that even we could see with our eyes what otherwise the angel alone could have perceived.

"The first few who were measured after I came I did not know, but soon the name Elizabeth Darrow was called. She is the President of the Aid for the Destitute Society, you know, and she manages ever so many other Societies too, and I thought, 'Surely Mrs. Darrow's measure will be very high indeed.' But as she stood by the rod the instant she touched it, she seemed to grow shorter and shorter, and the angel's face grew very serious as he said:

"'This would be a soul of high stature if only the zeal for outside works which can be seen of men had not checked the lovely secret graces of humility and trust and patience under little daily trials. These, too, are needed for perfect soul-growth.'

"I pitied Mrs. Darrow as she moved away with such a sad and surprised face to make room for the next. It was poor, thin little Betsy Lines, the seamstress. I never was more astonished in my life than when she took her stand by the rod, and immediately she increased in height till her mark was higher than any I had seen before. And her face shone so, I thought it must have caught its light from the angel's, which smiled so gloriously that I really envied poor little Betsy, whom before I had rather looked down on. And as the angel wrote in the book, he said: 'Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.' And Betsy passed on and Dr. Milliken took her place.

"I knew he would measure well, and he did; and the angel said: 'How beautiful are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation! Winning souls for Christ is the surest way to win soul-growth for thyself.'

"And then, Aunt Jay, I began to tremble myself, for when had I tried to win any souls for Christ? After the first few weeks of the revival two years ago, when I joined the church, somehow I began to lose my interest in religious things, and I thought that if I kept on going to church and Sunday-school and saying my prayers and reading a chapter in the Bible every day, I was doing all that was necessary for a young Christian, and I never thought much about growing in grace or trying to win souls for Christ. So I began to tremble lest my turn should come. But just then Hal Drayton's name was called, and I thought: 'Surely his mark will be nearly as low as mine, for he is the jolliest boy I know, and just as fond of games and good times as I.'

"But here was another surprise. He measured nearly as high as Betsy, and the angel said with a sweetness which thrilled me through and through: 'And no man shall despise thy youth: be thou an example of the believers in word, in conversation, in charity, in faith, in purity; and such the Lord loveth, and such shall grow speedily toward the stature of the perfect man.'

"And then I knew that Hal had cared more for his religion than I for mine, and I longed to get away before my turn should come, but I seemed to be held fast.

"The next was Lilian Edgar, who dresses so beautifully, that I have often wished I had such clothes and so much money. The angel looked sadly at her measure, for it was very low, so low that Lilian turned as pale as death, and her beautiful clothes no one noticed at all, for they were quite overshadowed by the glistening robes beside her.

"And the angel said, in a solemn but gentle voice: 'O child, why take thought for raiment? Let your adorning not be that outward adorning of putting on of apparel, but let it be the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price. Thus only can you grow like the Master.'

Old Jerry the cobbler came next—poor, clumsy, lame old Jerry; but as he hobbled up the steps the angel's face fairly blazed with light, and he smiled on him and led him to the rod, and, behold, Jerry's measure was higher than any of the others—even than Dr. Milliken's! The angel's voice rang out so loud and clear that we all heard it, saying, 'He that humbleth himself shall be exalted: whosoever shall humble himself as a little child, the same is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven.'

"And then, oh, Aunt Jay, *my* name came next, and I trembled so I could hardly reach the angel, but he put his arm around me and helped me to stand by the rod. As soon as I touched it I felt myself growing shorter and shorter, and though I stretched and stretched and strained every nerve to be as tall as possible, I could only reach Lilian's mark—*Lilian's!* the lowest of all, and *I* a member of the church for two years!

"Oh, Aunt Jay, I grew crimson for shame, and whispered to the angel: 'Oh, give me another chance before you mark me in the book so low as this! Tell me how to grow; I will do all so gladly, only do not put this mark down!'

"The angel shook his head sadly: 'The record must go down as it is, my child. May it be higher when next I come. This rule will help thee: Whatsoever thou doest, do it heartily, as to the Lord, in singleness of heart, as unto Christ. This one thing do: press toward the mark. The same earnestness which thou throwest into other things will, with Christ's help, make thee to grow in grace.'

"And with that I burst into tears, and I suddenly woke and found myself crying. But oh, Aunt Jay, I shall never forget that dream! I was so ashamed of my mark."

Do any of my readers know any girl like Greta Brown, who throws more enthusiasm into every other thing than into the one most important of all—the growth of her Christian character?

London and its Sights.

[By an Indian Visitor.]

LONDON is England in the main or the world in miniature. It is situated on the Thames in the county of Middlesex about 60 miles from the sea. It is not very æsthetic looking like Paris or Edinburgh, and the first impressions are indeed very disappointing. But what strikes one most at first is its vastness in size and population. It measures 20 miles in length from East to West and 10 miles in breadth. One may drive from morning till evening and not come to the end of the town. Its population is about four millions or ten times as large as that of the city of Madras. In every part of London in fact there is a bustling crowd, a surging traffic. It is seldom that we can catch a Londoner loitering about the streets; he is always about something; he never walks but almost runs. Then again everything is on a large scale here; "the clubs are palaces, the hotels are monuments; the horses go twice as fast; the boatmen and the omnibus conductors condense a sentence into a word, words are economised; action and time are turned to the utmost possible account." The human being does three times more work than is done by us here.

The best way to see London is to secure a seat on the top of an omnibus and go through some of the principal streets of London, viz., Oxford Street, Regent Street, Piccadilly, &c. The first thing which draws your attention are the magnificent shops displaying every article imaginable. One of the most important streets in London is Oxford Street, and this street consists entirely of shops from one end to the other. These shops have glass show windows in front, where the articles exhibited for sale, such as jewellery, cotton goods, silks, satin dresses, &c., at once attract the attention of the passers-by, who constantly flow in great numbers. These shops become far more attractive in the nights when they are lighted up with gas or electric lights. A stranger, even if he has not got anything else to do in London, will find enough occupation in admiring these shops. Everything, even meat, fish, eggs, vegetables, &c., are sold in shops. One can see the exquisite taste of the English in these very shops. Everything is arranged so beautifully. Nothing so much in India disfigures a town as our bazaars. How very slovenly they are kept. Our people have no notion of neatness and even cleanliness.

Tramways and Omnibuses run to all parts of London and a few pence will take one anywhere he wants to go. The omnibuses are beautifully painted, various colours indicating different directions, and the names of places with the respective fares to the different stations also are all marked within. There may be about 20 omnibuses going to twenty different parts and it is only by the colour that one can distinguish the right conveyance. But even if one misses an omnibus he has simply to wait a few minutes and another one will pick him up. One can easily have an idea of the number of carriages and passengers going through the streets of London, when it is remembered that about 1,000 vehicles pass through Cheapside every hour, and 20,000 vehicles and 170,000 persons cross

prodigious height. It is constructed of glass and consists first of an immense rectangular structure rising towards the centre in a semicircle; then, on either side, long buildings descend at right angles, enclosing the garden with its fountains, statues, summer houses, groups of trees and beds of flowers. The huge glass structure sparkles in the sunlight and the effect from a distance is really dazzling. The interior consists of a museum of antiquities, of a museum of the Middle Ages; of a Revival museum; of an Indian museum; in fact a museum of everything under the sun. There is a huge tropical hot house, wherein are fountains, swimming seals, large water plants in flower, huge statues and specimens of rare trees. In the centre there is a large circular concert room used for public entertainments, &c. In the gardens are to be seen life-size reproductions of antediluvian monsters and other huge works of sculpture. I have passed over, in fact, half the things. It carries one's thoughts to the Rome of Cæsar and the Antoninus, with this difference, however,—those palaces were only meant for the king and his courtiers, whereas this is meant for all, the rich and the poor, the nobleman and the workman. There is one other such place in London known as the Alexandra Palace.

Churches and chapels abound everywhere. The number may roughly be set down at 1,000. The two most important places of worship are St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey. The former built by Sir Christopher Wren is the largest Cathedral in England. If I were asked what is the most interesting place in London, I would say Westminster Abbey. The Abbey stands unique among the great buildings of England. There are no doubt some which surpass it in beauty and grandeur; there are others which surpass it in depth and sublimity of association; but there is none which has been intertwined with so many continuous threads with the history of a whole nation. It was founded by Edward the Confessor between the years 1055 and 1065. One peculiar feature of the Abbey is its union of secular and ecclesiastical associations. To quote Stanley:—"The Abbey is secular because it is sacred, and sacred because it is secular. It is secular in the common English sense because it is "saecular" in the far higher French and Latin sense; a 'secular' edifice, a 'saecular' institution—an edifice and an institution which has grown with the growth of ages, which has been furrowed with the scars and cares of each succeeding century—

"A million wrinkles carve its skin;
A thousand winters snow'd upon its breast,
From cheek, and throat, and chin."

The vast political pageants of which it has been the theatre, the dust of the most worldly laid side by side with the dust of the most saintly, the wrangles of divines or statesmen which have disturbed its sacred peace, the clash of arms which have pursued fugitive warriors and princes into the shades of its sanctuary—all belong to the story of the Abbey no less than its venerable beauty, its solemn services, and its lofty aspirations. Go elsewhere for your smooth polished buildings, your purely ecclesiastical places of worship; go to the creations of yesterday—the modern basilica, the restored church, the non-conformist tabernacle. But it is this union of secular with ecclesiastical grandeur in Westminster Abbey which constitutes its special delight. It is this union which has made the Abbey the seat of the imperial throne, the sepulchre of kings and kinglike men, the home of the English nation."

The first event in the Abbey of which there is any certain record is the burial of Edward the Confessor. The Chapel of Edward the Confessor, which lies behind the present altar-screen, contains the shrine of that monarch beside which devout persons used to sit in order to cure themselves of earthly disorders. The next event of importance was the coronation of William the Conqueror, and the ceremony of coronation has from that time been inalienably attached to the Abbey, and the Abbey has witnessed some of the most gorgeous pageants connected with these coronations. It is also the burial place of Kings. Hence the appropriateness of the following lines of an old poet:—

"That antique pile behold,
Where royal heads receive the sacred gold:
It gives them crowns, and does their ashes keep,
There made like gods, like mortals there they sleep;
Making the circle of their reign complete,
These suns of empire, where they rise they set."

Only two marriages have taken place in the Abbey, those of Henry III and Richard II. It was Henry III who erected the principal portion of the existing edifice and Henry VII immortalized himself by his chapel, which struck me as the best part of the Abbey. That which endears the Abbey to the English nation is the fact that it is the resting-place of famous Englishmen from every rank and creed, and every form of mind and genius. Here lie buried a host of Elizabethan magnates—"Gorgeous dames, and statesmen old in bearded majesty." We have here the monuments of statesmen who have helped to raise the great British Empire, The Indian from the Far East does not fail to notice the monuments of some of the founders of the Indian Empire—Sir George Staunton, Sir John Malcolm, Sir Stamford Raffles, the younger Canning, Warren Hastings, &c. The 'Poets' Corner occupying the Southern Transept has no doubt the greatest attraction for visitors. A

Washington Irving puts it: "I have always observed that the visitors to the Abbey remain longest about the simple memorials in Poets' Corner. A kinder and fonder feeling takes the place of that cold curiosity or vague admiration, with which they gaze on the splendid monuments of the great and the heroic. They linger about those as above the tombs of friends and companions. Here lies buried Geoffrey Chaucer, who is said to have died on October 25, 1400, uttering, it is said, 'in the great anguish of his death-bed' the 'good counsel' which closes with the pathetic words:—

" Here is no home—here is but wilderness
Forth pilgrim; forth, O beast, out of thy stall!
Look up on high, and thank thy God of all.
Control thy lust; and let thy spirit thee lead;
And Truth thee shall deliver: 'tis no dread."

Here are just the names of a few of the other poets who are buried here: Spenser, Beaumont, Ben Jonson, Dryden, Browning, Tennyson. I shall not attempt to mention the names of literary men who lie buried in the Abbey. Suffice it to say that Charles Dickens is buried here, by whose side is Cumberland, the dramatist. At his feet is Sheridan, and above is Handel, the composer; close by are Tom Campbell, David Garrick and Samuel Johnson.

The one common element which binds together, 'by a natural piety,' the past changes and the future prospects of the Abbey, has been the intention carried on from its founder to the present day, that it should be a place dedicated for ever to the worship of God; and a stranger from other climes has not seen the Abbey at its best unless he has witnessed the Christian worship of England in it.

Romances of the French Throne.

(*Pen and ink sketches of famous women*).

[By Madame Jean Delaire.]

Author of "A Dream of Fame," "Around a Distant Star," etc.

IX.—MADAME DE POMPADOUR.

ANOTHER romantic figure in French history is *La Belle Marquise*, Madame de Pompadour, who for many years reigned supreme over the mind—one cannot say the heart—of that most dissolute of monarchs, Louis XV.

Jeanne-Antoinette Poisson was of obscure, not to say ignoble, origin, the daughter of a *femme galante* and an unknown father, and from her earliest years, her rare loveliness, no less than her antecedents, seemed to point out the path which she was destined to follow. "C'est un morceau de rori," was openly said of the little girl, as every passing year added a fresh charm of her beauty; and one of her contemporaries assures us that as a mere child Jeanne-Antoinette believed it to be her destiny to reign over France as the Beloved of the King. For, with that curious absence of moral sense so characteristic of the time, the role of King's mistress was then coveted by the greatest ladies in the land; and since Louis XIV had, in the last years of his life, not only legitimatised his bastards, but raised them to the rank of princes of the blood, the position of royal favourite had come to be considered as only a little less glorious than that of a crowned queen. There is little doubt that Jeanne-Antoinette was brought up in the idea and with the hope of one day becoming the mistress of the youthful king, whose gallantry was already the subject of many a whispered tale.

Meanwhile,—and as it were temporarily,—her mother married her to the nephew of the man under whose "protection" she was then living, a young man of good family of the name of Lenormant d'Etioles.

It was hardly possible that with her ideas, and with the ambition so carefully fostered in her by her family, the future Marquise de Pompadour should have lived contentedly in the semi-retirement of country life, as the wife of an obscure, though wealthy, man. The goddess of Destiny from whom she awaited so much, had not yet brought Louis XV to her door, to be smitten by her manifold charms, so she decided to give Destiny a hint for prompt action, and resolutely placed herself in the path of the King. Fate so far favoured her, that it was Louis' habit at that time to go hunting in the forest of Etioles, situated not far from the residence of Monsieur Lenormant.

One day, towards the sunset hour, as the royal party were slowly returning from the hunt, lingering in the shaded coolness of the deep woods, a splendid chariot, drawn by milk white steeds suddenly appeared at the bend of one of the forest roads; and some of the men of the King's suite may well have thought the time of the fairies had come once more, when they beheld, proudly seated therein, the loveliest woman their eyes had ever rested on. Clad in all the dainty, doll-like grace of the period, her bare neck and arms encircled with rare gems, and ropes of priceless pearls binding her beautiful tresses, Madame Lenormant must indeed, on that day, have looked more of a fairy queen than a woman of every-day life. She had come out to see (or rather to be seen) and to conquer,

and her wish was realised to the utmost: Not only did the King notice her,—as indeed he noticed every pretty woman in his path,—but he immediately caused inquiries to be made respecting the beautiful unknown. A few days later, Madame Lenormant, still pursuing her policy of helping on the work of Destiny, once more met the King, as if by accident, in the forest of Etioles, as he was returning from the hunt with a numerous suite. This time the King was aware of the beautiful stranger's identity, and knowing whose daughter she was, he probably deemed it unnecessary to waste much time in courting a woman who had already met him more than half way. A present of game sent by Louis to Madame Lenormant was soon followed by a secret interview, and very shortly after this the dream of her life was realised: The King granted her a *separation judiciaire* from her husband, and Jeanne-Antoinette Lenormant became the acknowledged mistress of Louis XV.

Her influence at Court, which eventually proved so disastrous for the nation, was at first almost a happy one. This woman of doubtful origin, brought up with no other ideal, apparently, than to barter her beauty for wealth and influence, proved to have tastes more artistic and refined than any of the high-born dames who had preceded her in the role of King's mistress. Unlike the arrogant favourite of Louis XIV, Madame de Montespan, who had spent most of her time in childish amusements, such as the harnessing of white mice to miniature golden chariots,—or the beautiful Mademoiselle de Fontanges, who was, in the words of a contemporary, "belle comme un Ange, mais sotte comme un panier,"—or the sweet, pathetic figure of Mademoiselle de la Valliere, whose sole idea was how best to please the King she so dearly loved—Madame Lenormant d'Etioles, created Marquise de Pompadour by her royal lover, was fond of all intellectual pursuits, and soon became known as a generous patroness of Art and Letters.

In this, as in all else, she made many mistakes; the error of judgment which, in time of war, led her to send to the front, some of the most incapable generals which France had yet produced, also made her see a rare genius in men of quite ordinary accomplishments; but to her glory be it said, she never neglected any one in whom she discovered, or thought she had discovered, real talent; and that her judgment was often correct is proved by the fact that she was an admirer, and more still, a devoted champion, of such men as Voltaire and Montesquieu.

She was herself an artist of some talent, and at the *Cabinet des Estampes* in Paris can still be seen a volume of over sixty engravings from the hand of Madame de Pompadour, all bearing that *cachet* of dainty, somewhat conventional prettiness so characteristic of the works of Art of that period. She was also fond of music, and herself a gifted composer. To this day, the school children of France dance to the tune of the popular song:

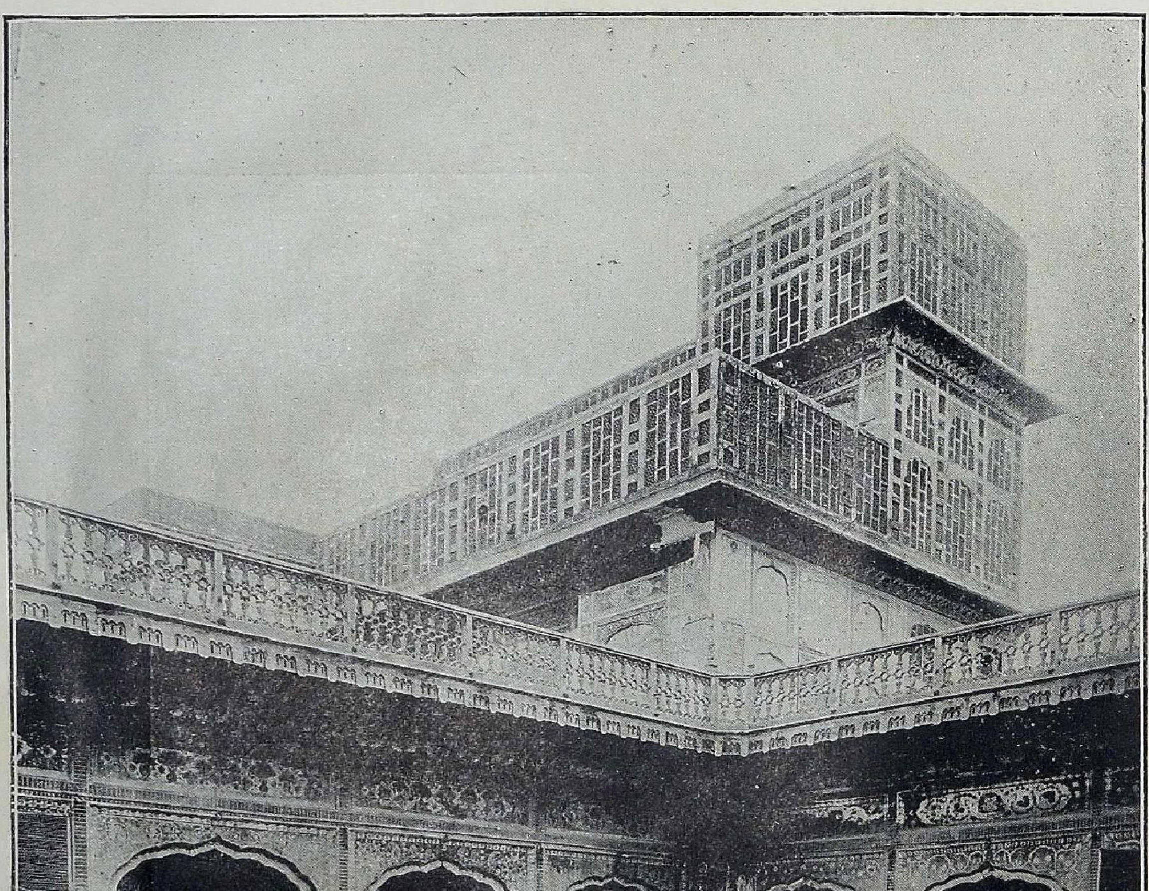
"Nous n'irons plus au bois,
Les lauriers sont coupés..."

writen for Louis XV by Madame de Pompadour.

Every painter and miniaturist of the time is responsible for at least one portrait of the beautiful Marquise, of whom it might have been said, as of another famous French woman, that she was "la plus belle des savantes, la plus savante des belles." Some artists have portrayed her seated in her boudoir amid numerous attributes of feminine coquetry, while others show the lovely woman *en négligé*, with a basket of flowers and a pastoral background. But the best known and certainly the most beautiful is the famous pastel of La Tour, which represents her surrounded with books of serious study,—volumes of the *Encyclopédie*, works by Voltaire and Montesque,—and holding in her fair hands some closely written pages of music that she is apparently studying with distraite attention...Indeed, when one sees how gifted in every way was the royal favourite, and how genuinely fond she was of Science and Art, one may well echo the words of that modern historian, who, after summing up all the follies and crimes of the reign of Louis XV—many of them directly traceable to the favourite's influence,—pithily exclaims: "Ah why did Madame de Pompadour ever take an interest in anything besides Music and Art!"

Unfortunately, her ambition was to govern France. As fickle as he was vicious, the king had soon tired even of Madame de Pompadour's rare lovelinees, but she managed to retain her influence over his mind long after all pretence of love was at an end between them; and the King, a King in nothing save the name, was only too glad to let some of the burdens of royalty rest on his companion's shoulders. The Queen, Marie Lozinska, a good and amiable woman, had no voice in matters of State Government, and it was the beautiful favourite who directed the councils, nominated the ministers and generals—in a word, governed the country in the name of the King. And if ever "petticoat government" was fatal to a nation, it was that of Madame de Pompadour and her coterie. She greatly helped to involve France in the disasters of the Seven Years' War, and by her almost insane prodigality, contributed not a little to that terrible crisis, political, social and financial, which ended in the Revolution.

LOUIS XV., KING OF FRANCE.



INTERIOR OF VICTORIA SCHOOL, LAHORE.

The Scene of the Prize-giving.

At a time when men and women died of starvation not many miles from Paris and Versailles, Madame de Pompadour spent in a few years over one million of francs on table only; while her insatiable craving for jewellery, gold plate, and rare ornaments of every kind, was only gratified at the cost of fabulous sums borrowed from the national treasury. It is small wonder, therefore, if the favourite rapidly became as unpopular with the mass of the people as she was popular among artists and men of letters, and was soon the most cordially hated as well as the most brilliant and beautiful woman of her time.

Yet, in spite of this, her fate was not an unhappy one: Unlike the fair favourites of the preceding reign, who lived to bear the burden of royal disgrace, and ended their days either in voluntary exile or in a convent's cell, Madame de Pompadour died in all the splendour of her beauty and power, leaving behind her a few grateful hearts, a faithless lover and a nation on the verge of ruin.

Prize Day at the Victoria School, Lahore.

THERE can be few prettier sights than the annual prize distribution at the Victoria School; and to Indian and European visitors alike, it is always an occasion of interest and real enjoyment, though from wholly different points of view.

To many of the Indian ladies, the annual *jalsa* is an occasion of meeting many friends, whom in their secluded lives they see but seldom; they are also glad to meet those English ladies who come year after year, making the drive through alarmingly narrow streets, to say nothing of the dangers, real or rumoured, from small-pox, enteric and plague germs, which infest every corner and street, to the minds of most of those people, who, living outside, consider that the "city" is a terrible place to live in. Anyhow, those ladies who do come show, by their presence, the real interest they take in the women of the country. Many of the old school girls form always a goodly proportion of the visitors, for they live to show their attachment to their Alma Mater, as well as to the teachers, many of whom are now "ancient history" in the annals of the school. We believe that Miss Bose has now entered the twentieth year of her Principalship of the School, and it is to this fact, no doubt, that much of the success of the school is due, which now stands first amongst Vernacular Schools on the Province. To the European visitors, the sight of some scores of bright young faces, and as many gay and graceful costumes, and the still richer attire of the bevy of Indian ladies present, affords a gorgeous and unique study in colour—never clashing, (though some of the ladies seem to put on rainbows for their attire) and always harmonizing—an effect which is essentially an inheritance of the East. The utter absence of self-consciousness, and the graceful languor in every movement, so typical of Easterns, must come to foreigners as a refreshing contrast to the bustle and excitement in which Westerners seem to live, move and have their being. Frame all this moving mass of human colour in a thoroughly Oriental building, historical in its interests,* and beautiful, its solid masonry, rising tier upon tier towards the sky, with a deep central courtyard which forms the foreground of this picture, where palms and orange trees throw their shade upon the bright young girls seated below—looking like so many flower-beds, grouped as they are in classes; look up and above, where the turrets and balconies of the old Sikh Palace stand against a cloudlessly blue sky; watch the sunlight touching up and glorifying every bit of colour in the whole scene, and you get a startlingly complete picture of all that the East has ever suggested to your imagination. There is the poetry of form, colour and sound all around one, but sound, only as long as the ladies are willing to be silent, the silence only broken by the musical ripple of every tinkling bracelet and anklet, as the fair wearers trip up gracefully to the table, at which Lady Rivaz is giving away the prizes in her own quiet, gracious way.

I refrain advisedly from referring to the music of Punjabi voices, for

> Like winds in the summer sighing
> Her voice is *not* low and sweet—;

we Punjabi maidens have good lungs and lips to proclaim the fact from every house top!

At 8-15, this was the scene into which Lady Rivaz arrived, and soon after the proceedings began, with a report of the year's work from Miss Bose. We learnt that nine girls had been up for the Middle, and we have no doubt that some of them will head the Pass List as their predecessors had done from the school for many years; nineteen had passed the Upper

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* The Victoria School building is an old Sikh palace, known as hau Mihal Singh Kihawli built by Ranjit Singh, which since the annexation of the Punjabi has become government property.

Primary, forty-two the Lower Primary, whilst the Infants who had passed were legion.

Miss Mitter, who had introduced Drawing into the classes, was highly commended; for the gain to the girls was great, and the work shown proved clearly how quickly the girls of the country take to anything which means deftness of fingers. The prizes must always mean a problem, as it would be difficult to provide for the deserving girls in such a large institution containing about 900 scholars. This year Miss Bose announced the pleasing fact that she had been greatly helped by the generosity of many Indian ladies, who shewed their interest in the work of the school by sending and collecting money. We were very glad to hear that many ladies now are beginning to show active interest in public movements, and we hope that female education in the Punjab will not long occupy the backward places it has occupied in the past. Amongst the names of donors were: the Hon. Sir David Masson, Mrs. Parker, Rai Pundit Janardhan, Mrs. G. N. Chatterjee, Hakim Mohammad Ali, Mrs. Lal Chand, Mrs. Bevant Petman, Mrs. Jawaher Singh, Mrs. Niamet Ullah.

Special thanks were due to Mrs. Mumtaz Ali, who had not only collected money from various friends, but who had also thought of giving the teachers some recognition of their hard-work by presenting them with *thans* of *malmal* (cloth).

It was encouraging also to see how some of the old pupils had sent contributions of money; one of them had sent a silver watch.

Lady Rivaz was assisted in the lengthy and arduous task of giving away such a number of prizes by Lady Masson, who is also another good friend to the school. After the prizes were given away, visitors were taken into a "Show Room,"—one of the arched verandahs opening into the central courtyard, which was richly draped in phulkaris, and made to look like a reception room. Here the work of the girls was on view, and some of it was for sale. To Indian and European visitors, the embroideries on net, and in gold and silk are a never-failing source of interest, and draw enthusiastic praise. Here too some kindergarten work of the small children and drawings and modellings of the older ones were on view—some of it wonderfully good. After the formal proceedings were over, there was an informal levee held by the ladies present who always like to sit about and chat with each other, so that it was quite 11 o'clock when the last of the visitors left—all feeling what an enjoyable morning they had had. Miss Bose and Miss Mitter, as well as the whole staff, have our warm congratulations on the thoroughness and efficiency of their work, which has made the school so popular amongst the upper classes, as well as our good wishes that the institution may increase in its far-reaching influence, and be a power for good amongst the women of the Province.

K. M. B.

A Year of Female Education in India.

It is encouraging to see that female education is advancing day by day in the various parts of India. The information appearing under this head in the blue books published by the provincial Governments from time to time is extremely interesting. We give below a summary of the progress of female education during the last official year (1904-05) for which figures are available:—

MADRAS.

The Report on Public Instruction in the Madras Presidency always contains a special chapter devoted to the subject of "Female Education." Dr. Bourne's Report for the last year tends to create the impression that Madras is making marked progress in female education. There has been an advance in the number of Girls' Schools, public and private. There were on the 31st March last 1,194 institutions for girls attended by 71,434 pupils, or 103 more schools, and 6,154 more pupils than in the previous year, and this increase was shared by both public and private institutions. Excluding boys reading in Girls' Schools and including girls reading in Boys' Schools there were in all 150,037 girls under instruction, against 139,139 in the previous year. It is noteworthy that each of the district groups had a larger proportion of the female population of school-going age under instruction than in the previous year. For the English language division of the B.A. Degree Examination three female candidates appeared and all passed, one in the second class and two in the third. For the second language division four appeared, of whom all except one passed. There was a similar result in the science division also. These candidates were one and all of them either native Christians or Europeans. For First Examination in Arts, 32 female candidates—one non-Brahman Hindu, 18 Europeans and 13 native Christians presented themselves; and of these, 13 passed, all in the second class, *viz.*, one non-Brahman

Hindu, three Europeans and nine native Christians. The total number of women who have passed this examination up to the present is 99, of whom only six were Brahmins, only one non-Brahmin Hindu, 66 Europeans, and 26 native Christians. Only last year, for the first time, did a non-Brahmin Hindu appear for the examination with success. For the Matriculation Examination, however, 195 female candidates appeared and 46 passed, against 183 and 29 in the preceding year. Of the candidates, one was a Brahmin, 5 non-Brahmin Hindus, 106 Europeans, 79 native Christians, 2 Mohamedans and 2 Parsis. Of these, one non-Brahmin Hindu, 22 Europeans and 23 native Christians alone were successful. We are extremely glad to note the appearance of two Mohamedan candidates. Till now 641 girls have passed the Matriculation Examination. There are three Colleges specially intended for women. In these, there were 12 students. In Colleges intended for males there were 18 female students, of whom as many as 11 were in the Presidency College. There was a fall in the total number of women in the collegiate stage of instruction from 37 to 30. Upper Secondary Schools for girls also rose in number and strength. The increase in strength was contributed by the lower secondary and primary departments as well. Twenty-five out of the 27 schools under this class were aided schools, and of these twenty-four were under Mission management. Nine hundred and eleven female candidates appeared for the Lower Secondary Examination, of whom 819 came up for the full test, and 563 passed for complete certificates. The number of Lower Secondary Schools for girls remainded the same as in the previous year, *viz.*, 170, but their strength rose by over 1,000. The vernacular schools shared the increase. The number of girls in the secondary stage of instruction on the 31st March last was 4,673 against 4,447 in the previous year. For the Primary Examination 1,709 girls appeared, of whom 1,212 passed for certificates. The bulk of the successful candidates were native Christians and non-Brahmin caste Hindus. Public Primary schools for girls rose in number as well as in strength. Of the Primary schools under private agencies, 56·1 per cent. were under Mission management. Of the 25 and 80 scholarships provided for girls on the results of the Lower Secondary and Primary Examinations, all the former and 77 of the latter have been awarded, the majority of the recipients being native Christians in the one case and Hindus in the other. Forty-five out of 60 special scholarships have been awarded to Mohamedan and caste Hindu girls on the results of the Primary Examination; out of the 63 scholarships open to Hindu and Mohamedan widows, 45 had been awarded at the end of the year. The expenditure in Secondary and Primary Schools for girls was Rs. 7,65,703.

BOMBAY.

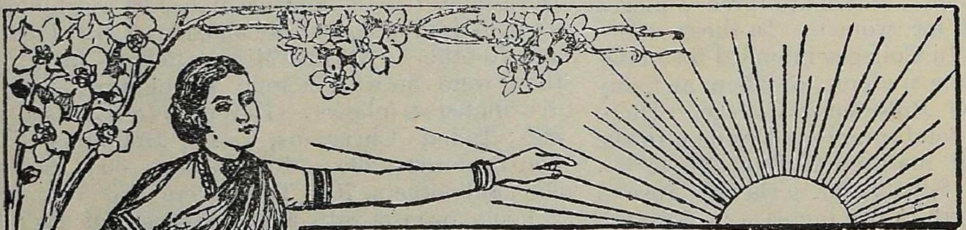
Higher education is prospering among the Bombay ladies. There were 35 females in the Arts Colleges, 2 of them were Europeans or Eurasians, 2 Indian Christians, 4 Brahmins, 3 non-Brahmins, 21 Parsis and 3 belonged to the other classes. Forty-five ladies attended the Grant Medical College, of whom 20 were Europeans or Eurasians, 4 Indian Christians, 2 Brahmins, 1 non-Brahmin, 15 Parsis and 3 of the other classes. Not a single Mohamedan lady was found in the collegiate course. There were 21 High Schools for girls with a strength of 2,654 pupils, of whom 2,314 were Europeans or Eurasians, 148 Indian Christians, 54 Brahmins, 65 non-Brahmins, 31 Mohamedans, 972 Parsis and 70 others. Of the Middle Schools for girls there were 55 with a total strength of 3,037, distributed as follows:—Europeans or Eurasians, 825; Indian Christians, 1,441; Brahmins, 47; non-Brahmins, 235; Mohamedans, 36; Parsis, 383; and others, 70. There were 923 Primary Schools for girls with a total strength of 58,733 pupils. Of these 8 were Europeans or Eurasians, 4,102 Indian Christians, 11,768 Brahmins, 31,321 non-Brahmins, 7,280 Mohamedans, 15 Buddhists, 3,750 Parsis and 489 others. 259 women were being trained to become teachers, of whom 21 were Europeans or Eurasians, 56 Indian Christians, 81 Brahmins, 81 non-Brahmins, 16 Mohamedans, 2 Parsis and 2 others. Of the women attending the School of Arts, there were 5 Europeans, 2 Indian Christians, 1 non-Brahmin, 2 Mohamedans, 8 Parsis and 2 others. In the Industrial Schools Mohamedan girls predominated with a strength of 63; 14 Indian Christian girls and 1 Brahmin girl were also found attending the Industrial Schools. Only 2 women attended the Medical Schools and strangely enough, both of these were of the Mohamedan persuasion. In private institutions of the advanced type, 454 Mohamedan girls studied Arabic or Persian, 35 Hindu girls learnt Sanscrit and 51 Parsi girls read some other classic language. Over 10,000 girls of the different religions were attending private elementary schools. The Director's Report does not contain the statistics of the results of Public Examinations classified according to sex. Mr. Giles is satisfied that there is "distinct progress" in the matter of female education and His Excellency in Council is gratified to learn that many new Girls' Schools have been opened. As in the other provinces, there is a great deficiency in the supply of trained teachers, but the steady demand for their services is a satisfactory feature of the situation.

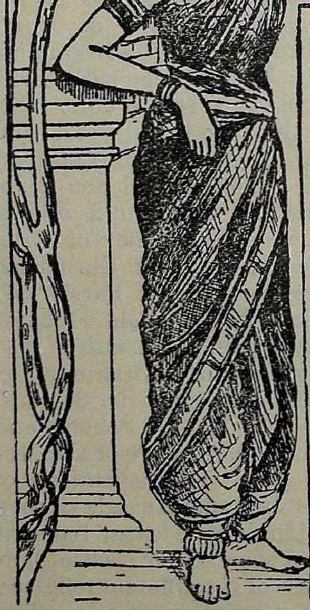
THE UNITED PROVINCES.

In female education, United Provinces are woefully backward. Public opinion, however, seems to be changing and matters are improving to a certain extent. As reported in our issue of the last August, a committee of Indian gentlemen has been appointed to investigate the problem how to popularise female education and the effects of their labours are still to be seen. In the Upper Primary Examination, 149 girls passed; of these no fewer than 128 were Indian Christians, 14 were Mohamedans and 7 non-Brahmin Hindus. In the Middle English Examination 58 girls passed out of 75; and of these 58 there were 56 Indian Christians, one Brahmin and one Mohamedan.

BENGAL.

"In Bengal," we read, "it is satisfactory to "note a marked progress in female education. "The number of Girls' Schools increased by 4·9 "per cent., and the attendance by 5·8 per cent.: "while the number of girls attending mixed "schools showed an increase of 4·8 per cent." As our readers are aware, strenuous efforts are being made by the Government as well as the public to improve the existing state of things and it is expected that the next Public Instruction Report will record a much larger progress.





Our Special Indian Lady Contributors' Columns.

I.—USHA'S DREAM.

(From a Telugu Drama.)

THE sun was just wishing his daily good-bye to the Himalayas, gilding the rough, dark brown trunks of the huge trees in one of the royal gardens on its southern slopes, somewhere near the source of the Ganges, and making the holy waters of the river glitter and sparkle amidst the rocks, trees, and caves through which it flew along, laughing at him who was vainly trying to restrain it with his glorious rays. Fed by these waters, the trees and giant creepers bore many a bunch of sweet-smelling flowers, the scent of which was wafted by the breeze to the departing sun. Strange gorgeously plumed birds were flying above, flapping their wings and cooing softly.

Evening flowers whose sweet fragrance filled the air were blooming, and bending over some of them was a beautiful creature. A human flower herself she was, her long wavy jet black tresses shining in the golden sunshine and almost covering her slight graceful figure, and her pretty saree waving adieu to the sun. Turning swiftly round, she began to chase the wild young deer she had spied, and the ornaments on her feet tinkling musically attracted her favourite fawn among them, "sarangam," and also her pet-peacock "star," which came to her side.

Her chief maids, Chithralakha (the artist) and Sasilakha (aerial traveller) were anxiously searching for her, their mistress Usha (who had playfully run away to the palace gardens to make her maids search for her), and hearing the tinkling of Usha's jewels hastened towards her.

Usha (Laughing). Well, how did you enjoy your search for me? I have been amusing myself immensely here with my pets, though I missed you both.

Chitra and Sasi: Princess, we have been searching at all your favourite resorts for you and just when we were despairing of finding you, we heard the tinklings of your *gajjagolusu* which led us here. Everything is ready for prayers; will you go in?

Usha: Yes, I have gathered some evening flowers for pujah. Of all our cowslip plants, mine has borne flowers first, to-day. See (showing them). Please see that my pets are fed. I am going up.

So saying she went towards her *anthahpura* (Gosha department). Passing through a long suite of rooms, each one more beautifully adorned than the last,—Chitrasala containing the loveliest paintings and the daintiest models of ivory and marble, Vinothasala where the magic lantern, living pictures and other tricks were shown to her, when she was entertained by her clever maids, Vidhyasala her library and study,—she presently stepped out on the velvet green sward of one of the most magnificent rosaries in the world, a rose garden walled round almost entirely with tall hedges of the clambering flowers that gave it its name and trailed up on all sides so as to form a ceiling, a hanging canopy above. In the centre of this floral hall now in full blossom, a fountain tossed up a tall column of silver spray, which sparkled in the colours of the rainbow by the reflection of coloured lights, which gleamed here and there among the thick foliage. Delicious music performed by players and singers hidden behind the trees floated in the air, and Usha charmed with all her surroundings listened to it dreamily, then, waking quickly, ran through the archway on one side of the floral hall and up the broad marble stairs back to her *anthahpura*; taking the trays of flowers and fruits placed there by her maids, she ascended another flight of stairs. On opening the ivory door, the musical jingling of bells attached to it on the other side and a strong sweet smell of sambrani (essence), flowers, chandanam (sandal) and rose water greeted her.

The marble walls were adorned with bunches of various flowers, ferns, pearls, and pictures with frames of gold set with diamonds, which flashed like lightning in the dimly lighted room, the pillars of coral bound round by golden bands studded with emeralds and the carved sandalwood ceiling adding a peculiar charm to the grandeur of the place. The brass lined floor, sprinkled with essence of rose (rose athar), was decorated with *kolums* (drawings) of pearls. On a raised dias, on either side of which were *Theepasthambams*, and on all sides of which were golden-stairs leading to it, were images and *saligramams* of the *Pasavathara*. Here Usha entered to pray.

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It was some days later. The silvery moonlight was flooding Usha's bedroom, streaming through the wide open windows; while the ceiling painted like the sky with diamonds for stars set in it; and the screens far away (painted like the sea) waving gently in the breeze, resembling the sea waves flowing nearer and again receding; and the ship-shaped rocking cot in which Usha slept, all gave the idea to the half dreaming and waking Princess that she was on board a vessel.

Chitra: Sasi, did you notice our Mistress Usha's absent state of mind to-day?

Sasi: I was just about to ask you the same thing. Strange to say her pets are neglected, she does not garden, neither does she play, sing or study to-day. Let us go and speak to her.

On entering Usha's room, they saw her sitting on a raised marble pial with a pink rose in her hand and a dreamy look in her eyes.

After long and earnest persuasion, Usha at last told her maids that she had had a dream, in which she had seen a fair, handsome, and noble prince, and that Naradha Maha Rishi (thought reader and fore-teller) had assured her that the Prince she saw in her dream was a real living Prince and that no other Prince excelled him in goodness and generosity. Then she also confessed that she wished to wed none but him.

Sasi: What think you of the dream? And of the Rishi's assurance? How shall we find out which Prince he is?

Chitra: Yes, that is the point. Once we find that out, the rest will be easy enough. You will carry him off in your aerial car.

(Both laughed heartily, though they had a serious business before them.)

Sasi: (jumping up from her seat and clapping her hands with joy)—Why, my dear, you can paint all the good neighbouring Princes; Usha will point out the prince she saw in her dream and then I will carry him off as you said.

Soon afterwards Usha was taken to the Chitrasala, where a number of beautiful paintings of some of the brave Princes in the neighbourhood were arranged.

Usha's eyes searched the paintings and at last rested on one, which seemed to look at Usha admiringly as if it were really alive. Usha, pleasingly surprised, stood statue-like and could hardly believe her eyes. Her maids, who were watching her eyes anxiously all this time, guessed at once that their mistress's dream had been realized.

They playfully removed the painting from her sight, without letting Usha see them do so. Usha, seeing the picture vanish, thought that this was another dream; but her pet parrot, flying across to where the Prince's likeness was hidden, called Usha "Come, sister" (for she had been taught to speak), and disillusioned her.

The Princess was then assured that this was no dream and she thanked her maids for their kind services. Prince Anirudha, (grandson of Krishna) and of whom Usha had dreamt, was immensely surprised next morning on waking, to find himself in a strange magnificent bedroom. At first, he thought he was dreaming, but looking about him, he saw many things to confirm him that this was no dream. A lovely painting of the Princess Usha attracted his

attention; an inscription was attached to it from which he understood where and in whose palace he was; but there was nothing to tell him how he had come thither. After gazing at the painting in speechless wonder, he prayed that this mysterious removal from his own palace to this strange one might be solved and that he would have the happiness to see the original of the painting—a prayer which was soon to be answered. All of a sudden, sweet music floated in the air and Naradha Maha Rushi appeared.

He told the Prince all about Usha's dream and also that he had comforted his parents who were searching anxiously for him.

The delighted Prince asked the Rishi to foretell the consequences of the dream.

The Rishi told him that he and the Princess Usha would be married; and that they would soon go to their palace in Dwaraka and be received gladly by his father Pradyunna.

Everything happened as the Rishi said.

GOVINDU.

II.—HAIR-DRESSING IN MANY LANDS.

THE IDEALS OF HEAD DRESS.

To take care of her person, to correct certain imperfections, which disfigure a pretty face, to dress with taste, to obey the exigencies of fashion, is for a woman not only a permissible coquetry, but almost a conventional duty. At the same time, if to that extent the art of the toilette is quite legitimate, as much cannot be said for the means taken by some women to give themselves the appearance of beauty denied to them by nature. To what learned, complicated, and strange recipes have they recourse? and beyond question the price paid is a very heavy one for the acquisition of a fictitious beauty—which deceives nobody. Is it not the dream of almost all women in every nation to be beautiful and to remain young? and who thinks of reproaching them for it? What moralist would be so severe as to blame them? to take particular care of their toilettes, to select what adornments may assist in giving an agreeable expression to their visages, and to correct whatever faults they may have,—nothing surely is less reprehensible.

The first thing, which calls admiring attention to a woman, is, perhaps, the hair which is her "crowning glory." In civilised countries the mode of dressing the hair is considered a matter of no small importance by every woman who aspires to be a leader of fashion, and people with long memories can recall a variety of changes witnessed in the matter of coiffures. The eighteenth century must be reached to find that the art of wig-making had attained the highest pitch of perfection and ridiculousness, for then appeared the head-dress called "Opera Boxes," which increased the height of a woman's face to 72 in., from the bottom of her chin to the top of her piled-up hair; and that still more extravagant style, called puffs, in which the hair was raised stage above stage, stretched upon frames. In 1774, the Duchesse de Chartres appeared at the opera, her head dressed with a pyramidal puff on which were seen the Duc de Beaujolais, her eldest son, in the arms of his nurse, a parrot pecking at a cherry, a little negro, and ciphers made of hair even of the Duc de Chartres and of other Princes.

During the reign of the late Queen Victoria, there were classic bands, coquettish curls, a simple knot drawn low on the nape of the neck, a "jug handle" knob at the back of the head, a series of puffs on the top, hair drawn tightly off the face as done in girls' boarding schools, or frizzed in a big "bang" lightly waved on the forehead, or spread out with side-combs. These are but a few of the infinite varieties known in Europe during half a century. Incidentally it may be noted, that in other lands, such as India, Burma, China, where ample and fashionable costumes are worn, the dressing of the hair is a matter of less concern; but the members of an uncivilised tribe, who have recourse to tattooing and bead and shell necklets, when they wish to look their very best, depend on their woolly and dusky locks to accomplish all those things, which in other lands are effected by the delicate gradations of a carefully-thought-out toilette. In the Sandwich Islands, Fiji, and Samoa, one meets with some of the most extraordinary arrangements of hair adopted by women. Indeed it is hardly to be expected that such elaborate hair-dressings can be achieved by the wearers, especially as a swing looking glass and a convenient handmirror by which to view the back effects are certainly unknown in these islands.

The Fijian lady cannot have her hair done daily, and so that it may not be spoiled when she sleeps, she has recourse to a most uncomfortable pillow, a bar of wood supported by four legs, and so placed that her head is kept away from the couch, this being a practical example of the old adage "pride must bear pain." It must not be overlooked that many uncivilised people express age, position, and married or single state by the way they dress their hair, just as also, in our India, Hindu ladies apply "Sendur," a kind of red stuff mixed with oil on their parted hair to signify that they are married women. After all, when one comes to think of it, the idea is just as practical as the wearing of a golden band on one finger. But the Zulu woman is really more practical, for a first glance at

her coiffure assures the observer, whether she is maid or wife. The cone-shaped head gear is the legitimate symbol of her state of wifehood, and indeed cannot be legally worn till the marriage rites are duly completed.

The women of India, further India and the Malay Peninsula, are very simple in their methods of dressing the hair. The Malay lady decks her locks with a veritable garden of flowers, and merely draws her hair back from her forehead and lets it fall loosely down her back, and the same simplicity of style characterises the Bhortia girls, who, as if to counterbalance the severity of the plain bands and parting, deck themselves with heavily chased ear-rings, calculated to permanently disfigure the lobes of the ear. In Burma, their coiffure is less striking and certainly more becoming. The Burmese lady with her soft dark eyes and straight, silky black hair, like her Western sister, recognises that woman is made to be loved and that a dainty appearance should be hers by right; and so she coils her abundant tresses into a smooth sleek coil at the top of her head with pretty colored ribbons, or thrusts in by way of adornment some choice jewel occasionally, but more often a cluster of sweet-smelling flowers, such as jessamine or roses. She is very proud of her wealth of hair, especially if it reaches below the knee or, in some cases, to the ankle; and even tails of false hair, as in civilised countries, are deftly added, where nature has been scanty in her gifts.

The modern American woman is so exceedingly dainty in matters of coiffure, that she is very far removed from her primitive sisters, the Indian women of Vancouver Island, who seem singularly unconscious of the fact that beautiful locks have ever been regarded as one of woman's greatest adornments. The latter content themselves with the simplest and least effective style. The hair is plainly parted and drawn into neat little pig tails, either falling loose upon each side of the face or methodically turned up behind the ear. This style is also known in Bombay among Khoja Mahomedan ladies.

And now in conclusion, my dear sisters, may I ask whether our "crowning glory" is to be an outward show, or is it to signify woman's purity and unselfish love? We read in our Holy Scriptures that "Mary anointed the feet of Jesus, and wiped His feet with her hair," with her "crowning glory," in great humility, purity, and love for her dear Lord and Master.

H. S. Gour.

III.—PRACTICAL HINTS ON PHYSICAL EXERCISE.

Exercise of a certain kind is more important to woman than to man, because men can go outside and walk many miles and take any kind of exercise. Out-door exercise is more mportant than home exercise, because air is purer outside than inside. If you take exercise inside the house, you must open all doors and windows. Some men and women have the bad custom of breathing the air through the mouth. Many children learn to breathe through their mouths; but if they are taught to breathe the air through the nose, they will live longer and grow stronger. Especially when exercise is taken must the mouth not be opened. The advantages of nasal breathing are twofold; (1) The air in its passage through the nose into the lungs is warmed and (2) the minute particles of matter, which are inhaled, are prevented from reaching the lungs. Then again, always when you take exercise or when you are at leisure or when you are sitting or standing, you must put your chest forward. Never fold your arms and never put your arms in front. When you are writing anything, do not bend your body upon the table or desk. And morning is the best time for exercise, because the air is then calm and pure. If you take exercise in that calm and pure air the body will grow and the blood will be pure. Never take exercise much on the first day. But you must increase it every day and you must take it regularly. Little boys and girls are naturally active and they must be given encouragement to take exercise, and men and women also must take it sufficiently. If you take exercise yonr muscles will grow and the pores of your body will pour out the waste matter.

The following Indian story tells us how important exercise is. An Eastern monarch having fallen into bad health sent for the most celebrated physician in his kingdom. When the physician came to the king he saw that his royal patient was fat and unwieldy and thought to himself that the king wanted exercise. Hitherto, when the king wanted to go to his gardens, his servants had carried him in a litter. When he had wanted to leave the palace-grounds, he had ridden in his carriage. He ate much and neglected exercise. The physician however could not be blunt to the great man. Therefore, he said he would come again the next day and went away. Next morning he took two iron balls covered with white paper and wrote some characters upon them and went to the king's palace with these and presented them to the king. He told him that he should take one ball in one hand and the other in the other;

he should go round his garden three times on the first day and on the second day four times; once more on each succeeding day until he reached nine times. He also asked him to raise his hands up and down when he walked round the garden. In this manner the king acted and became thinner and thinner in a week. In a month he was well. The king gave to the physician a valuable reward and sent him away. Regular exercise of course was the secret of his cure. When women work at home there is not sufficient exercise for every muscle. Further it is not regular and done at proper times. Some times it is too much, at other times too little. Hence women do not improve on account of this. Poor people are happy because they work hard and digest well. Rich men suffer from all kinds of diseases, because they do not work at all. Some educated women do not like physical education. Such women are very weak. But they must pay equal attention to bodily growth, because physical powers must also improve with mental powers.

C. VENKATASUBBAMMA.

Our column for discussion.

HAVE ANIMALS FEELINGS?

I. A STORY ABOUT A CAT.

"When he charged the Jew
To assist his foe's down-fallen beast to rise,
And when the bush-exploring boy that seized
The young, to let the parent bird go free,
Proved He not plainly that His meaner works
Are yet His care, and have an interest all,
All in the universal Father's love?"

We came to live in our present house about twelve years ago, and a year afterwards a pretty young cat paid us a visit. She came regularly, and regularly she was fed and caressed by us. She evidently had no master or mistress, and adopted us for her friends. We gradually trained her up to suit our quiet ways, and she ceased to mew aloud, and all her exclamations of love and gratitude were in the lower key of her young mistresses. When our friends heard her soft cries, they felt much surprised, for they said they had never heard such subdued tones coming out of the mouth of a cat. She became very fond of us all, and while she played and romped with the juvenile members of the family, she was more sedate in her deportment with the seniors. My brother was very fond of her, and she appreciated his kindness in a special manner. When he once went out on a long visit to our relations in the country, she very much missed him, and she would run out to see if he had come whenever she heard steps like his on the stairs. We were more surprised when she missed the presence of our dear father at the table for two or three days successively. She literally refused to come to the table, and to eat the food that was offered her, but kept sitting on our father's sofa, where she was in the habit of reposing in the day-time. As soon as our father came home, her whole manner was changed, and she came to the table, and coaxed father to give her a morsel of food by either standing on her hind legs near his chair, or pulling at his coat with her fore-paws. We did not think that she cared so much for our father, who did not specially pet her; she had the bump of veneration strongly developed in her, and could discern the dignity and authority of the head of the house.

What struck our visitors most about our dear, dear pussy was that she had a *moral sense* produced in her, which was of a high order. She was once or twice punished for petty thefts, and she was cured of her thievish propensities, at least, so far as her relations with us were concerned. Of course, the discipline used was not of a severe character, but gentle and loving, and the poor thing understood our feelings. She saw that her thefts *grieved* us, and she exercised a severe control over herself. The dinner would be laid on the table—meat and fish—which she liked much; but while she sat alone at the table on our father's chair, quite close to the tempting dainties, she did not attack them. When she felt the temptation strongly, she would run away from the dining-room or sit with her head turned the other way. She ate only what was given to her. Our cat's ways appeared to us just like those of well-trained children, English and Indian, who have a sense of righteousness created in them. An English child told her Sunday teacher recently that when she was told that a certain dish was not good for her to eat, she left the table and lay on her bed, till another dish that she was not forbidden to eat was brought. Oh how pussy would put down her head and look guilty, when she had done what she knew was wrong.

She was very useful in killing rats, and we believe, our immunity from plague, while there was plague in the neighbourhood, was to a certain extent due to the services of our cat. When she became old, she could not see these vermin well, at least at night, and we had to help her in catching them; and she readily consented to serve us. Whenever she happened to catch a rat herself, no matter where, she would bring it to us, making a peculiar sound, and after we had seen it and praised her for her cleverness, she would go out and eat it.

Only this week, on Sunday morning, she was found by our father sitting on his chair when

he came for his breakfast, and, after he had put her down, she disappeared and did not wait for her wonted share of fish. She came afterwards into the kitchen, and one of us took her up and helped her to drink water, as she seemed too weak to help herself. She looked ill and feeble, but we did not anticipate her speedy end. She was then found on the outside cornice of our house, near a window, moaning piteously. Our brother spoke to her soothingly, and she felt comforted. After a couple of hours, we found her stretched on the cornice dead and stiff. We all could not but feel that we had lost a friend beloved, and we felt that we would never see the like of her again.

M. N.

II.

To one fond of animals, the above question, I think, never arises. When we get accustomed to them and fond of them, they seem to us to fully reciprocate our affection. But the question is, do they experience the feelings of pleasure and of pain? They do to a certain degree. When a master who has long been absent from home returns, his favourite collie perhaps gives him an uproarious welcome, while his horse recognises him with a whinny of delight, and even the indifferent cat with drowsy eyes purrs a soft welcome. Somehow, I have always felt, that dogs and horses are most the companions of men than the other animals. The cat cares for her own comfort and, as long as it has a soft warm corner, she is happy. The cow is a prosaic creature. You sometimes see a gleam of pleasure in its dreamy, languid eyes, but it does not respond to caresses as readily as the dog or the horse. The dog is the most sympathetic of animals. It seems to enter into one's feelings. When one is sick or sorry, it comes and nestles beside one, puts its cold nose into your hands, and when it looks up into your face with its sympathetic enquiring eyes, one feels that one can tell it all one's troubles.

The dog feels pleasure, it feels pain; but does it do this in the same degree as ourselves? I think not. In animals you see feelings in their crude form. I do not think there is a perception of that fine difference of feeling, nor is there that mixture of feelings which we experience. There is not in them the consciousness of the depth of feeling. With them, even feelings are a matter of instinct. They are perfectly spontaneous. They cannot simulate pleasure when they do not feel it. An object excites their pleasures and they show it in their actions. But they cannot dwell on it, neither, I believe, can they recall that feeling of pleasure. The same object causes them again perhaps the same degree of pleasure, but they cannot recall the experience of the feeling of pleasure, when the object is not there.

Animals are very pronounced in their likes and dislikes. By their keen instinct, they judge for themselves and they abide by their judgment. The maternal instinct is strong in animals. I have often seen kittens and puppies feeding, and there is such a look of sweet content and pleasure in the mother's face. It almost looks human. Again, the feelings of anger and dislike are quite manifest. The blazing eyes of the wild animal as it approaches its prey, the cruel eyes of the cat as it stealthily advances to pounce on the poor little bird, these signs show that the feelings of anger are fully developed in animals. This question is a very interesting one and I have often thought about it, but everything appears vague. However the main thing is, I think, that we ought to make more pets of animals and watch them with keener sympathy and affection.

NILOTHPALAM.

III.

When I read an article under the heading of "Have animals feelings?" in the March number of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*, I recalled to mind an incident which happened not long since in our family. We had among our near relatives a sweet, tender lady, whose affection and tenderness were so vast that they touched not only husband and children, but all who came in contact with her. Nor did it end with those of the human race, but extended to the dumb creatures as well. There was in the house a pretty white parrot, which she used to feed with her own hand; and, keep on a perch in the inner apartment, and whenever she came near him, this animal used to spread his feathers, and shut his eyes and begin to call "ma" in a loud voice, thus giving expressions to his feelings.

There also was a little black goat. It was a playmate to her children and drew their little cart sometimes. The children would bring him into the inner apartment, where their mother stayed, then she would give food to the creature with her own hands and pet him.

Suddenly darker days arrived in their happy home. The sweet tender lady was attacked by a serious illness, and she who had brightened our house for so many years was taken away to a still happier land. During the time of her illness, the parrot became sick, his feathers dropped. Many times we used to see him perfectly still on his perch, he ate very little, and did not stir. It seemed that the poor creature felt in his heart, that sorrow had come to his mistress. And on the sad day when she left us, the parrot

refused all food. After her body was taken away, the parrot began to struggle as if suffering from pain, and on the evening of that day, when the mourners returned home, they heard him call out "ma" three times in a loud voice, whereupon he fell down from the perch and died.

As long as she was staying with us it seemed that everybody in her house received strength from her. When she left, all was suddenly changed, the house looked so gloomy and desolate that nobody liked to enter it. On the day after her death, the poor little goat became suddenly ill, but nobody knew what ailed him. He refused all food. On the evening of the third day, the children went to see him in his stable. While they were still with him, he cried out three times in quick succession most vehemently, after which the poor creature fell lifeless to the ground.

I could not know of a more striking proof than this that animals have feeling.

Here were two poor creatures, one a bird, the other a quadruped, who so loved their benefactress that they not only felt her absence keenly, but could not survive her. Her death broke their heart.

A BENGALEE LADY.

Editorial Notes.

Dox *vs.* Dox.

Our readers may remember the widespread sensation created in Southern India two years ago by the publication of a remarkable book—"Thillai Govindan"—full of life-like pictures of modern Indian life. The talented author of that little volume has now brought out a clever and humorous pamphlet entitled "Dox *vs.* Dox." It purports to be an abridged metrical report of an imaginary case heard at the High Court of Social Sessions, Madras, by Justice Sir Will-I-Am Wavering, G. M. L. U. (Great Monument of Legal Uncertainty) and a Special Jury consisting of Messrs. Worldly Wise (Foreman), National Lines, Self-Interest, Ancient Custom, Onward March, Father Land and Moral Conscience. The complainant is Ortho Dox and is represented by Mr. Agnihotra Shastri, Vakil, while the defendant, Hetero Dox, is represented by Mr. Anglais Sarma, Bar-at-Law of the New Temple. The defendant is charged with (1) marrying a widow, (2) going to Japan on board a steamer, (3) keeping a *Sudra* servant and drinking ærated waters, tea, &c., at the Y. M. C. A. restaurant publicly and (4) keeping a daughter unmarried even after her thirteenth year. In the course of the trial, two witnesses are put forward by the prosecution, *viz.*, Pundit Mahamahophadyaya Chadurveda Dharmashastra Puran and Public Opinion. After hearing both sides of the case, the judge directs the jury to make up their minds as best they can. Their foreman, however, represents that they can never agree on the points at issue and therefore recommends a compromise out of Court. But the Judge thinks that the parties being the sons of Para Dox by different wives will never agree and "compromise is vain advice." Under the circumstances, he reserves his judgment *sine die*. The pamphlet is interesting as exhibiting the workings of the Hindu mind under the influence of the progressive tendencies of the age. It is priced at four annas a copy and can be had of Messrs. Srinivasa Varadachari and Co., Madras.

"The Reformer."

This is a fortnightly record of social reform activity published at Madras under the auspices of the Hindu Social Reform Association. "It hopes to read carefully the signs of the times, to gather fully its meaning and to point out in what direction we are moving. It would appeal fervently to all interested, to join with it in "giving a full expression to that new life, which "direct contact with western civilization has "brought clearly to view. The spirit of Hindu "religion and its noble traditions it will not ignore; it is the mission of the *Reformer*, on the "other hand, to lay stress on them and present "them in all their distinctive features. But the "very anxiety to see this task well done will lead "it to attack boldly all those pernicious elements "that the changing conditions of the changing "times have brought into existence. And by "the further inclusion of all that the west has "to say to us and the study of the lives of "Indian Reformers themselves, it hopes to aspire to the honourable place of being the guide "of young India." The annual subscription of the *Reformer* is Rs. 3, which may be remitted to the Manager of the paper, Georgetown, Madras.

Two pictures by Mr. Ravi Varma.

We publish in this issue two pictures by this talented Indian artist: "Vasantasena," and "Sarasvati." The former is a character in a Hindu drama, the latter, as all Indians know, is the Hindu goddess of Learning. Vasantasena is a stately queenly type of Indian beauty; there is a robust dignity about her, a stamp of strong character on her face, which sets her down at once as a woman who could

be strong in serving her own ideal, good or bad. And that this ideal could be good, I think, we see by the goodness and sweetness of her face. In this work-a-day world of ours, one can but go by outward appearances and apparent impressions. That Vasantasena is a good woman I think we may press by her face; for beauty and goodness generally go together; though beauty of a certain type is distinctly the shell to an evil kernel.

> "If the ill-spirit have so fair a house,
> Good things will strive to dwell with it,"

says Shakespeare. Vasantasena was placed in unhappy circumstances, but individuals make their own heaven or hell; and even in an evil environment, a good soul can prove its own true worth.

Sarasvati is of a more refined, a more delicate type, and, it seems to me, rightly so. For, is she not the goddess of Learning? and learning, which imparts education, is the best beautifier of a heart, the truest reformer of a soul, and through the soul, of the face. Even the plainest of faces, if it has the stamp of intelligence, can look beautiful. By true education, we learn to see things at their true worth, our minds will get that delicate sense of intuition, which, at a touch, distinguishes evil from good. And hence the mind get refined and delicate and gentle.

One fact is worth noting. For the Hindus, as for the Greeks, the goddess of Learning is a woman. Is it not curious then that our women should be denied education? But this was not so in ancient times; and this fact is but one more proof that, in the matter of female education, we should revert to our ancient ideals, but in a larger-minded, wider-scoped fashion, as calculated to suit the present needs of our Indian world.

What is being done by and for Indian Ladies.

—H. H. the Maharajah of Kapurthala has been kind enough to give a grant of Rs. 25 per month to the Kanya Maha Vidyala, Jullundur city, and has also sanctioned the award of Rs. 600 as the grant of the last two years.

—A meeting of high caste Hindu ladies was recently convened in Gaikwad Wada, Narayan Peth, Poona. S. Annabai Thakar gave an address in which she exhorted her audience to use native sugar and native things. S. Godubai Lele was in the chair.

—The prizes offered for the essays regarding Widow-marriage and Ideal of Hindu Womanhood have secured nearly 60 essays. It is said that some of them are voluminous in size. The result will be declared by the Bombay Presidency Social Reform Association in July.

—Much quiet work is being done by educated women in Calcutta. A Committee of Ladies has taken up the management of the Brahmo Girls' School which was hitherto being managed by a committee of gentlemen. It is the intention of the Ladies of the Committee of the Brahmo Girls' School to manage it on the lines of a Convent School, as much as possible by voluntary workers, the whole staff consisting of lady teachers. Five lady graduates and a Lady Superintendent, also a graduate, belonging to a very high family, have already been secured.

—The leading men of Cannanore are concerting measures to raise the Government Lower Secondary Girls' School of that town to the High School Standard.

—The Brahmo ladies of Bankipore have organised a promising "Children's Union" with the object of cultivating a healthy moral tone among them and providing them with wholesome and innocent recreation.

—The other day Mr. Jaffer Rahmatullah brought forward at the Bombay Corporation a motion to extend the municipal franchise to women. He wanted the President of the Corporation to move the Government for legislation in that direction. He wondered why ladies were not allowed to sit on Municipal Councils while there was no legal restriction to their aspiring for seats on the Legislative Councils, the University Senate etc. He was of opinion that there was no foundation for the fear that they would talk too much if they should be admitted into the councils. From his experience of the Congress and other public assemblies which the ladies attended as delegates; they rather talked too little than too much. Mr. Ramatullah's gallant stand for the fair sex, however, did not receive much enthusiastic support. Sir P. M. Mehta advised the adjournment of the subject to June.

—Prof. Karve's Widows' Home now accommodates 60 persons. Two persons who had saved Rs. 500 for the expenses of a pilgrimage to Rameswaram, have, after a visit to this Home, given the whole amount towards the maintenance of the widows. A separate room has been erected for teaching cookery.

—A widow marriage was celebrated at Guntur on the 26th ultimo with much enthusiasm in the house of Mr. V. Lakshminarayana, the pioneer of the cause in those parts. It was performed on strictly "national lines." The bridegroom was Mr. D. Seshachalapati Rao, the editor of the Telugu 'Daily Desabhimani.' The bride was from Allur.

—The Chief Government Scholarship in Ceylon for Girls, which is awarded on the results of the Cambridge Senior Local Examination, has this year been won by Miss A. Maheswari, of the C. M. S. Ladies' College, Colombo. She took the highest place among the female candidates, passing in English, French, Latin, Mathematics, History and Geography, Drawing, and Religious Knowledge, with honours in the 2nd class, and distinction in English and Religious Knowledge—a creditable achievement for a young Hindu lady. She is the first Tamil to win the Scholarship and belongs to the leading Tamil family in the Island, being the daughter of the Hon'ble Mr. P. Arunachalam, Ceylon Civil Service,

and niece of the Hon'ble Mr. P. Ramanathan, K. C., C. M. G., (Solicitor-General) and of the Hon'ble Mr. P. Coomaraswamy. It is understood that she will proceed to Cambridge to prosecute her studies at Girton or Newnham. Mr. Arunachalam has already a son at Cambridge at his own College and another studying in London.—*M. M.*

—In speaking about the Grant Medical College, the *Indian Spectator* remarks :- "We wonder if it has struck the authorities that herding together of students of both sexes in the dissecting room, and to ask boys and girls alike to practise dissection, even in special cases, in one another's presence, is objectionable in every way. We wish something could be done immediately to have separate classes for this particular branch of work. Civilised countries have separate colleges and hospitals. Here in India, there is greater need for these. But if separate institutions cannot be started in the near future, Government ought to have separate rooms at any rate for purposes of dissection. If a few benevolent ladies will take up the subject and bring it to the notice of H. E. Lady Minto, as head of the Society in India and of the great movement for the medical training of women, we have no doubt that the suggestion will bear fruit. The grievance is one which cannot be ventilated in a lay journal."

—A very complicated question seems to have arisen with regard to a *purdanashin* woman, Hauzan, who gave her evidence at the commencement of a trial before the Calcutta Sessions. She was on that occasion draped from head to foot. In answer to a question by the Counsel for one of the accused when he had last Hauzan since she was in the witness box before the Court, a witness said that he was not certain that it was really Hauzan who gave her evidence in the Court. The Counsel in the case had appealed to the Judge to have the witness unveiled ; but as she refused to do so, His Lordship declined to compel her.

—The Princess of Wales Girls' School, Cherpalcherry, Walluvanad, Malabar, started by Mr. K. Govinda Menon, B.A., Tahsildar of Walluvanad in honour of the Royal Visit, will move into the new premises on the 11th proximo. The building has been constructed at a cost of over Rs. 600 of which Rs. 100 was contributed by Olapomanna Manakal Parameswaran Nambudiripad Avl. The rest of the expenses were met by Mr. Govinda Menon.

—Six women, having received the necessary training in the Normal School, Lahore, and obtained the Senior Vernacular Teachers' certificate, have accepted appointments to go out as Teachers. They have gone to Simla, Sabathu, Abbottabad, Ludhiana, Ferozepur, and one is about to go to Bhawalpur. Five of these appointments are under the Municipal or the District Board, the sixth at Abbottabad is under the Arya Samaj, and they all carry a pay of Rs. 25 rising to 30.

—The Director of Public Instruction, Bengal, states in connection with the appeal which is being made to the public for funds in aid of the proposed establishment of training colleges for women teachers in Bengal :—

In this appeal the Secretary to the Committee appointed for the furtherance of the scheme dwells on the necessity for establishing such colleges on strictly *purdah* lines. This principle has been unanimously accepted by those with whom the idea originated and who elaborated it into its present definite form. From whatever point of view the problem of female education is regarded, the need of better instructed higher class women teachers is, the Director observes, obvious ; nor will there be any difference of opinion as to the necessity of providing such teachers not only for girls while at school, but for supervising their further education in their homes after they have left school. It is proposed to meet this demand by the establishment of training colleges under direct official supervision, conducted with all due privacy. Desirous as Government is to take the initiative in this important matter, it professes itself unable for some time to come, in view of the numerous costly educational schemes which at present occupy its attention and absorb its resources, to undertake the entire expenditure necessary for the prosecution of the scheme. It therefore appeals to the public for aid in the hope that those interested in the education of women will come forward and assist in advancing so excellent an object.

—A 3rd widow remarriage among the Madrassi Telugu Brahmins in the Central Provinces was celebrated on the 19th May 1906, at Jullalpur under the auspices of Rai Bahadur Waman Rao Kolhatkar. The ceremony was performed according to the Hindu rites. The bridegroom Mr. B. Madho Rao, a Sub Divisional Officer, in Central Provinces, P. W. D., is a Telugu brahman aged about 45 years and is the brother of Mr. B. Dandapany, a Clerk in the Loco Office, Kharaghpur, who year before last married a widow. The bride Maina Bai is a Maharashtra brahmin aged about 25 years. Mr. Madho Rao's first wife was Shrimati Bhandaru Atchamambagaru the talented authoress of "Lives of Noble Women." Congratulations are due to Mr. B. Madho Rao for his bold attempt, who overcame every obstacle that stood in his way.

News and Notes.

H. H. The Thakore Saheb of Limbdi has decided to impart free primary education to children.

—It is stated that the Gaekwar of Baroda, on his return from Europe, intends introducing free and compulsory education in his State. Estimates have been submitted to His Highness and, if the scheme is sanctioned, the educational grant will have to be raised to about Rs. 13,000,000 per annum.

—The two women composing the firm of Kimber and Howard of St. Joseph Mo., are said to be the only women who handle railroad lands. Miss Helen Kimber recently visited the State of Oaxaca, Mex., where she closed a deal for 12,000 acres. She is a Kansas woman by birth, and education, and has been president of the Kansas W. S. A.

—The Supreme Court of Massachusetts has just decided that a wife may sue another woman for alienating her husband's affections. Up to this time, the courts have held that a husband might sue another man for alienating the affections of his wife, but that the wife had no corresponding right. This decision is a straw showing the direction of the current that is setting steadily toward equality.

—Mrs. J. E. Maclean, Friend, Ned., raises money for missions and other good works by the sale of

penny packages and dime collections of flower and garden seeds, which she raises or obtains from trustworthy dealers. During the past year nearly $ 4,000 have passed through her hands from her seeds, the profits going to the enterprises in which she is interested.

—The Mysore and Coorg Branch of the Eurasian and Anglo-Indian Association has moved the Government of India in the Home Department for the employment of females above the age of 25 in the Telegraph Department. It is also suggested that side by side with the employment of females in the Telegraph Department there may also be considered the practicability of introducing them on somewhat similar lines into the Postal Department.

—Baroness Marie Sulzgeber of Austria who came recently to this country is president of the Empress Elizabeth Home of Vienna, an institution in music and art to women forced to make their way in the world. It has been in existence six years and has proved useful. Baroness Sulzgeber is the widow of an Austrian Statesman. Since her husband's death she has devoted herself to philanthropy. She will make a tour of the United States to study the methods of charitable work.

—Miss Alice Ritter has been appointed a member of the board of labour inspectors of Zienna. The appointment created much comment because it is the first of its kind. The *Neue Freie Presse* says: "In this appointment Vienna has followed the example set by other places. The great number of women wage earners is the best argument for Miss Ritter's appointment." Miss Ritter will resign a lucrative place in the office of a Vienna trade Journal in order to devote her whole time to her new duties.

—Miss Mary S. Garrett of Philadelphia appeared before the U. S. Senate Committee of Education and Labor recently in support of a bill to appropriate $ 100,000 for the training of teachers to instruct deaf children before they are of school age. Miss Garrett had with her one of her pupils, a girl of twelve years. The child was born deaf, yet has learned to read the lips perfectly, and through understanding what is said to her has learned to respond. Members of the Committee book great interest in questioning the child.

—Dr. Jane G. Bunker of Boston has been chosen by Dr. Robert C. McBride of Dresden, Germany, after he had thoroughly looked over the dental field of the United States, to take charge of Orthodontia in his large establishment in Dresden. Dr. McBride has the finest dental rooms in Europe, if not in the world. His patients come from all over the Continent, and are largely of "aristocracy." Dr. Bunker is a graduate of Tufts College Dental School and of Dr. Angle's School of orthodontia and St. Louis. Dr. Bunker has sailed for Germany to begin her work.

—The latest idea of the Director of Public Instruction in the Punjab is the establishment of a School for the Blind. Enquiries have been carried on for over two years and visits have been paid to other schools of this kind. The difficulties in regard to teachers and text-books are very great, but there is hope that they may be overcome, and that either through Missionary or Government agency a school for the Blind may soon be opened at Lahore. The Bombay, Rajpur and Ludhiana schools are known to have done very useful work. Braille type will have to be used for the present, but perhaps developments are possible.

—An Indian Fair is to be held in Edinburgh in the last week of November next. The object of the Fair is the raising of a sum of £5,000 to provide a Habitation for Indian students attending the Edinburgh University and Colleges. These students are at present without any place of meeting, and the proposed building will contain rooms for reading and writing, lectures and recreation. It is also designed to provide courses of instruction in Indian languages, history, law, etc. for Europeans, as it is believed the intercourse between the different nationalities would be beneficial to all. The Fair is to be purely Indian in character. Subscriptions and contributions of work should arrive in England not later than October 1. The P. and O. and Anchor Line Companies have kindly consented to convey goods free of charge from Indian ports to London and Glasgow, respectively. Packets should be marked "Indian Fair, Edinburgh, Scotland," and forwarded to the Agents of the Companies at Calcutta, Bombay or Colombo. Further particulars will be furnished by the Secretary, 1, South Charlotte Street, Edinburgh.

The interurban Political Equality Council of greater New York, composed of eighteen clubs with a membership of more than 2,000 women, has addressed to May or McClellan an open letter strongly protesting against the white slave traffic in that city. They call attention to "the mysterious disappearance of so many respectable women," who have been forcibly abducted or lured by false advertisements to evil resorts and there held prisoners against their will. The protest says in part; "the white slave traffic in New York, as shown by recent reports in the newspapers, is not only a dishonour to the city, but also a source of great danger to its women. As wives and mothers, the members of this Council appeal to you to see that the police of this city do their duty, and make it safe for honest women to seek an employment without running the risk of being entrapped." A Committee of ten was appointed to investigate conditions, and to co-oparate with all who are working to eradicate the system and bring offenders to justice.

—The German Reichstag has adopted a motion requesting Chancellor von Bulow to present a bill providing for the removal of the restriction on the right of women to hold meetings.

—At the present election in Topeka, the party of law and order won, and the Topeka papers, say that the women did it. On election day, in spite of the worst snow and slush of the season, the women were busy at the polls, seeing the results of the work which they had been doing for days before in inducing the women to register and vote.

– Mrs. Lorett of Tarrytown N.Y. has just celebrated her 102nd birthday. She is in excellent health and attends to all her own business, of which she has a great deal, being one of the largest landowners in that vicinity.

—Miss Nora Stanton Blatch has just been admitted to the American Society of Civil Engineers. She is the first woman who has ever applied for membership. Miss Blatch is a grand-daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton. She was the first woman to graduate as a Civil Engineer at Cornell University. She took the four years' course in three years, finishing among the first five of her class of 1905. The Course of study includ-

ed a surveying trip, on which Miss Blatch was accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Harriet Stanton Blatch, they being the only women in a camp of seventyfive men. On this trip Nora bore her full share of the work, spending from ten to twelve hours in the field.

—Miss Martha E. Johnson has been elected city tax collector of Laconia, N. H. She is said to be the first woman in New Hampshire to hold such a position. She received the unanimous vote of the fourteen members of the city Council. The Boston Post says her appointment was opposed by many of the leading Republicans, not only because she was a woman and without votes to deliver, but because her father was a Democrat." Nevertheless in this case merit won. Miss Johnson was born in Laconia and graduated from its high school. She is said to be one of the most popular young women in the city. She has been employed for several years in the offices of the city clerk and tax-collector, and thus has become thoroughly familiar with the duties. She will have to collect about $ 102,000 of taxes.

—Dr. Maria Antonietta Ghekiere, the proprietor of eight dental offices in Rio Janeiro, is paying a visit to the United States, for the purpose of sight-seeing and of examining dental methods. She was born in Belgium, and studied dentistry at the free university of Brussels, completing a six years' course in two years. She received her diploma and started in business at Rio Janeiro, where her family had already settled. It was a new thing in Rio Janeiro for women to engage in business, and her dental office created a great sensation, but she soon had a good practice, and in the eight years since it has steadily grown. She is now official dentist to about three thousand children in hospitals orphanages and other institutions. Dr. Ghekiere and her sister are said to be the only women dentists in Brazil. A younger brother completes their firm, which gives employment to two men dentists.

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

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